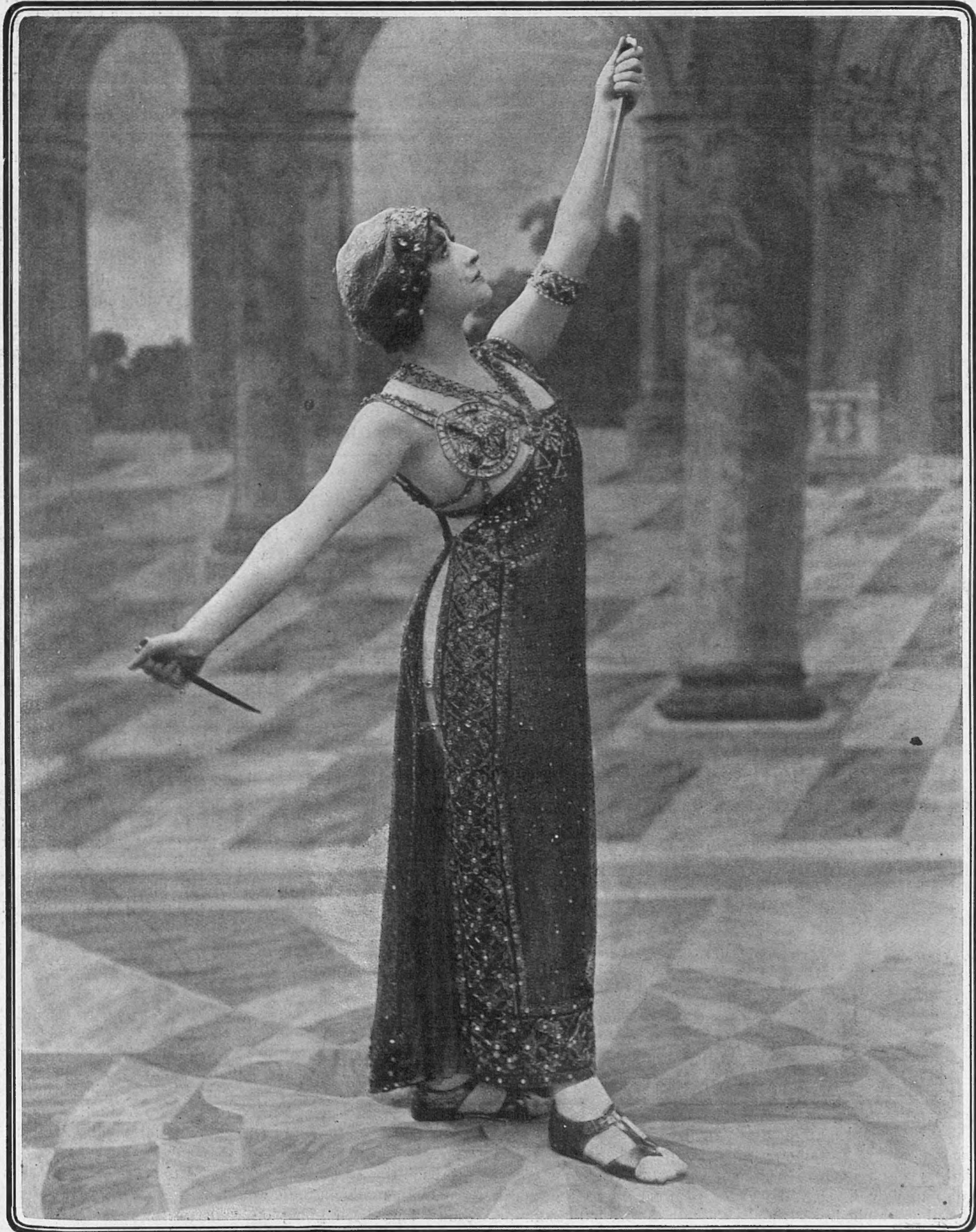


The Sketch

No. 907.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



EVE IN ANCIENT ASSYRIA: Mlle. LEONORA AS FEMINA IN THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"Femina," the new spectacular ballet at the Alhambra—certainly one of the best that the famous house has produced—deals with the power vanity has wielded over woman through the ages. There are five scenes—"The First Garden," "The Stone Age," "Ancient Assyria," "Spain," and "The Kingdom of Fashion."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

SPECIAL NOTICE: THE SUMMER NUMBER OF "THE SKETCH."

Next Wednesday's issue of 'The Sketch' will be a special Summer Number, and it would be well if all those who wish to secure a copy placed their orders at once, as the demand is likely to exceed the supply. The issue will contain, in addition to the usual features, several stories and numerous pages of illustrations in colours. It has been our endeavour to beat our own record in the production of such numbers, and we hope that our readers will believe that we have been successful. The price of the issue will be One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES. BY KEBLE HOWARD (*Chicot*).

A Dream-Supper.

I dreamed a strange dream the other night. I dreamed that I was bidden to a midnight supper in an old hall in a narrow street off Ludgate Hill. I knew that it must be a dream because there are no narrow streets off Ludgate Hill. I dreamed that I was escorted through long passages hung with brilliantly striped bunting. I dreamed that I suddenly found myself face to face with a company that included all that was of the richest and all that was of the most powerful in Fleet Street. "What," I asked timidly, "is the reason for this marvellous midnight gathering?" "We are giving a supper to Mr. Roosevelt," was the answer, "the ex-President of the United States." "The famous Egyptologist?" "The same." "Anybody else?" "Yes; the Representatives of American Newspapers who followed the ex-President all over Europe, patiently taking down his speeches, recording his lightest act, wringing him daily by the hand, exercising, always, the utmost prudence and restraint." "Is this the only recognition of their splendid services?" "Yes." "Will they not receive a pension for life?" "No." Then I called upon heaven—in my dream—to witness that there was no justice beneath it unless a man went out with an axe and chopped off a small chunk for himself.

A Speech with the Soup.

The next thing that happened in my dream was the arrival of the ex-President. It was now ten minutes to eleven. He was received with much applause. Scarcely had it died away than a marshal announced, in tones that shook the rafters, that supper was served. We surged and pushed and struggled and jostled into the supper-room. I knew that it must be a dream, because the demi-gods of Fleet Street never jostle. I had a millionaire-baronet on one side of me, and a newspaper-man on the other. Dream-soup was placed before us. We dipped our spoons into the soup, but, before we had time to raise the spoons, the speeches began. The Chairman had risen to propose the toast of the King. Did you ever hear of so topsy-turvy a dream? We rose, loyally honoured the toast, and then settled to the soup again. One spoonful, and up shot the Chairman once more. He was giving us the toast of the Guest of the Evening. A second time we rose, a second time we raised our glasses, a second time we sipped the dream-champagne. The dream-waiters took splendid advantage of the opportunity to make off with the soup-plates. One felt that one was getting on with one's supper. There would be no more exciting incidents, surely, until, say, the ices. I was wrong. Over the *truite à la Moscovite* we were flash-lighted.

The "Bright Flash" Hero.

'Twas an amazingly vivid dream. The flash-lighting happened just as it used to happen years and years ago in real life. There was the same solemn gentleman with the black beard whose perennially melancholy duty it is to take photographs of other people's dinners, luncheons, and suppers. There was the same pouf! the same bright flash, and, so far as I was concerned, the same involuntary duck of the head. Followed the same cloud of smoke rolling majestically among the flags and banners of that famous old hall. I could smell the smoke in my dream, and I could hear this one and that one, whose faces were presently handed round wearing particularly pleased expressions, complaining that a chap could never go to a public dinner without having to submit to the ordeal of being photographed. Anyhow, we turned our attention, as quickly as might be, to the cooling *truite à la Moscovite*. "Now," I said to my friend on the left, "I think you will find that this is the end of the ——" I was interrupted by a deafening cheer. I looked up. What had happened? The ex-President of the United States was actually on his feet. He was going to address us over the fish.

"Do they always do this sort of thing in America?" I asked. "Oh, no; but the ex-President is catching an early train to Oxford to deliver a lecture. He cannot stay with us very much longer."

An American Comedian.

I am ashamed to say that I do not remember very much of the dream-speech, but I have a clear recollection of the tones and manner of the speaker. If my dream is to be relied upon, Mr. Roosevelt is certainly a born comedian. In the jargon of the theatre, he "plays for laughs." Further, he gets them. In a great measure, of course, he gets them because he is the ex-President of the United States of America, and a fairly well-advertised person. The world will listen to the softest murmur from the lips of a thoroughly well-advertised person. Mr. Roosevelt, let me run to add, does not rely entirely on fame for his laughs. He drops his voice until it is so low that he would certainly not be heard if he did not take the greatest care to articulate every syllable. In quoting, for example, the famous sentence, "Speak softly, carry a big stick, and you will go far," he gave it us in this way—

"S-p-e-a-k s-a-f-t-l-y (long pause), c-a-r-r-y A b-i-g s-t-i-c-k (long pause), a-n-d y-o-u w-i-l-l g-o f-a-r."

At any rate, that is as nearly as I can reproduce it in cold print. Another of his assets is his tremendous self-confidence. He can make you listen to a platitude by sheer force of personality. Platitudes become dangerous, though, when repeated.

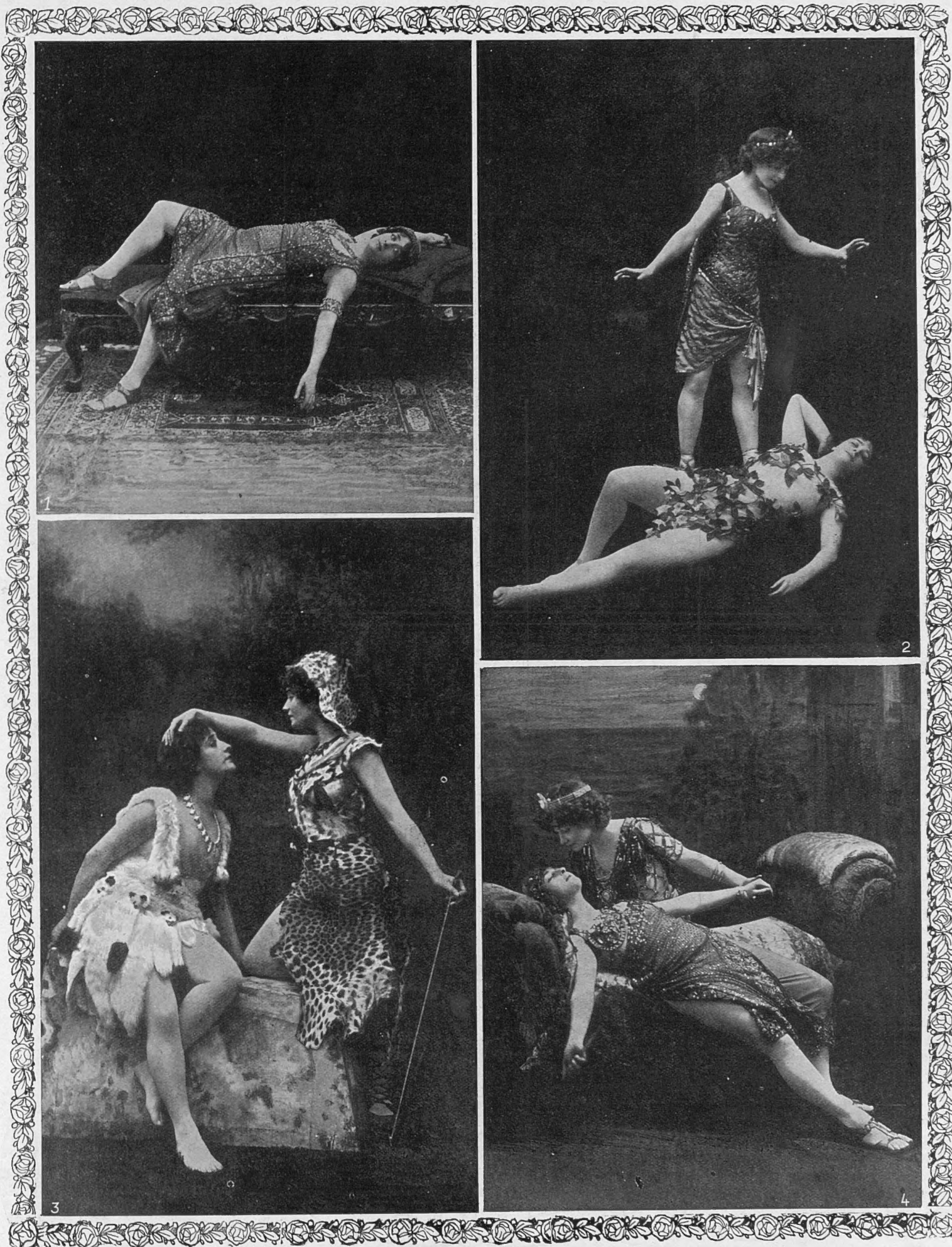
The Honoured Guest Departs.

At last the speech of the evening was over, and we sat down to begin our supper in earnest. My menu tells me that the next course consisted of *cailles poêlées Mascotte*. I should say, of course, that my dream-menu told me. I think I tasted a tiny portion of that course. More than a tiny portion it could not have been, for we were on our feet again in a twinkling. "What's the matter now?" I whispered. The millionaire-baronet answered my slightly peevish question by thundering out the first line of "For he's a jolly good fellow." The ex-President of the United States was going home. I was sorry to think that he had made such a poor supper, but I suppose it could not be helped. Self-denying fellows, these after-meal orators. They pass dish after dish, bottle after bottle, and all for the sake of setting a certain number of people, mostly strangers, in a guffaw. I am bound to say, though, that they do not always hurry away in the middle of the meal because they have promised to make a speech in the early morning. I have seen after-meal orators have quite a good time after the delivery of their speeches. It was not so with poor Mr. Roosevelt. His whole visit must have been ruined by this awful vice. What can he know of England who has seen nothing of it but the tops of heads?

The Dream That Came True.

Let me pass rapidly over the other features of this dream-supper. We began to settle down into a rational gathering of ordinary people. Since this could not be tolerated, I woke up. By my side lay the morning papers. I opened them with no particular interest, but I was soon staring in bewilderment at a certain column. *It had happened after all.* It was true. The midnight supper to the ex-President of the United States had taken place. Hurriedly I looked through the list of those present. I found my own name in the list. In another column there were details of a terrible thunderstorm that must have been going on whilst we were singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." At any rate, nobody in that hall mentioned a thunderstorm. Nobody heard it. . . . Perhaps—it is still a faint hope—the storm and my dream were connected, and we did not listen to the ex-President of the United States over the fish. I cannot tell. I give it up.

EVE — FROM EDEN TO ASSYRIA: "FEMINA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.



1. Mlle. LEONORA AS FEMINA IN ANCIENT ASSYRIA.

3. Mlle. LEONORA AS FEMINA IN THE STONE AGE; AND Mlle. BRITTA AS THE SPIRIT OF VANITY.

2. Mlle. LEONORA AS FEMINA IN THE FIRST GARDEN; AND Mlle. BRITTA AS THE SPIRIT OF VANITY.

4. Mlle. LEONORA AS FEMINA IN ANCIENT ASSYRIA; AND Mlle. BRITTA.

Femina, taught, in the Garden of Eden, the beauties of ornament, goes through the ages the slave of vanity, ready to give all for the gaud and the bauble, sacrificing everything to the love of dress.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

ONE OF THE MILLS NEAREST TO THE GREAT PRAIRIE MARKET:

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NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: THE CAMERA AS RECORDER.



WIFE OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: THE HON. LADY HARDINGE.



THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: SIR CHARLES HARDINGE.

To become Viceroy of India, in succession to Lord Minto, Sir Charles Hardinge will vacate the position of Permanent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Sir Charles, who is fifty-two, entered the Diplomatic Service thirty years ago, and has had a most distinguished career. Amongst other positions he has held are those of Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, at Sofia, at Bucharest, and in Paris. In 1908 he went to St. Petersburg as Secretary to the Embassy. Five years later he came home, to return to St. Petersburg in the following year as Ambassador. The Hon. Lady Hardinge, whose marriage took place in 1890, was the Hon. Winifred Sturt, daughter of the first Lord Alington. Her only daughter, Diamond, was born in 1900.—[Photographs by Rita Martin and Lafayette.]



1. LADY HARRIS WITH HER PEKINGESE JACK (LEFT) AND PERSIMMON (RIGHT).

2. MISS MARIE STUDHOLME WITH ONE OF THE DOGS SHOWN.

3. LADY EVELYN COTTERELL WITH HER PEKINGESE TOU SHU.

4. LADY DE GEX WITH HER TOY SPANIELS, LITTLE WONDER (LEFT) AND BRAMHAM MINNA (RIGHT).

5. THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE WITH HER FOX-TERRIER, CHAT OF NOTTS.

6. THE HON. MRS. McLAREN MORRISON WITH HER JAPANESE SPANIEL EXHIBITS.

7. LADY EBURY WITH HER PEKINGESE CANOPUS.

THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW: SOME EXHIBITORS AND SOME EXHIBITS.

The Ladies' Kennel Association Show at the Botanic Gardens created a new record for the number of entries no fewer than 3000 dogs being catalogued.

Photographs by the Sports Company

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"
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Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or
detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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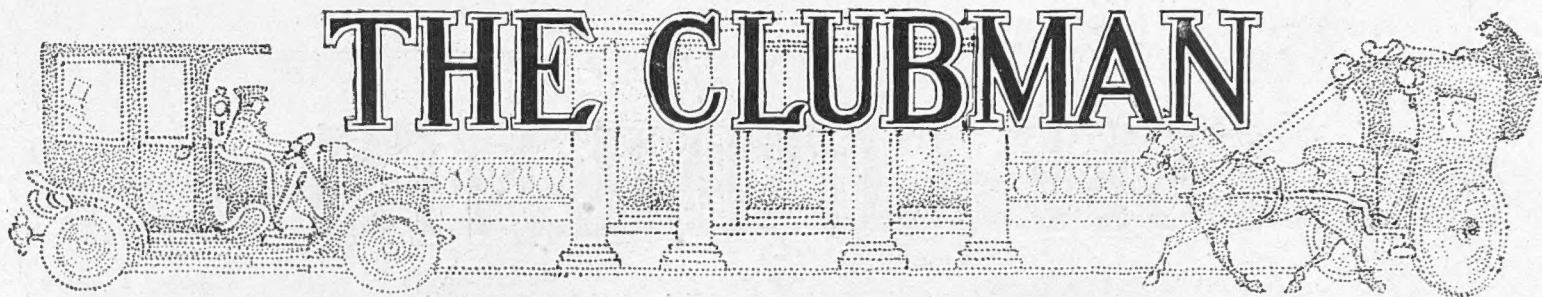
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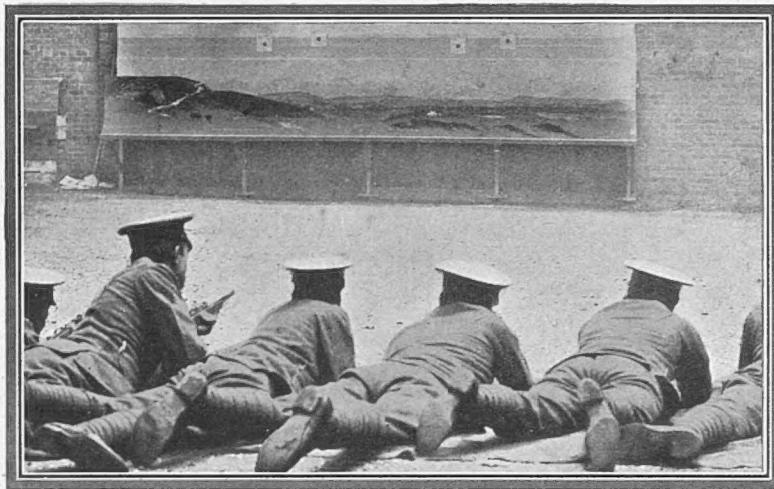
**Half-Mourning.**

Ascot will be a black Ascot, just as Epsom was a black Epsom. The change to half-mourning occurs on one of the Ascot days, but as everybody who has a pass for the Royal Enclosure is supposed for the time being to be "about the Court" there will be no greys or white seen in that enclosure, and as all the people who have not the blue-and-crimson ticket take their tone from those who have, all the boxes will be filled with sombre figures, and all the ladies on the coaches will also be in black. There will, I fancy, be very little half-mourning seen during the latter half of June, for all the ladies of my acquaintance—and I have no doubt those of everybody else's acquaintance—who have bought new black dresses intend to wear them out, and do not think it necessary to get a third set of gowns during this season, which is likely to bring very large dressmakers' bills to husbands, or to swallow up all the pin-money of the year. The men do not suffer the same disabilities as the ladies in this matter of half-mourning. A grey tie or a black-and-white one is all that they need substitute for their black ties to effect the change, and a few new pairs of gloves of a lighter grey than mourning ones will complete the purchases they will have to make.

The Horse Show.

There probably never has been in any country in the world, not even excepting the United States, a horse show quite as perfect in its way as the one which is now being held at Olympia. This show is proving to all the world that we islanders are shaking off some of our insularity and are not too proud to learn from other nations. We have learned from the Belgians the art of decorating an arena—for it was at the Pau Concours Hippique that the jumps were first placed amidst flowerbeds; and we have learned from the Americans how to bring the appointments of a team up to the highest point of smartness. Our officers have not been too proud to give time to learning the art of riding at horse-shows, and can now meet the Belgians and French and Italians on even terms. The decorations at the Horse Show this year are elaborate, but they are also in excellent taste. The exhibitors have learned that nothing except the best stands a chance of winning a prize in the arena, and the horses and ponies and carriages which are shown this year are all of the highest class. When the Belgians first taught us what horses and men trained to jump in an arena could do, it was said on behalf of our officers—who made no great showing in the cramped space—that if they met the foreign officers a cross country in a fox-hunting run, they would prove themselves better horsemen than our neighbours. Nowadays it is not

necessary to advance this excuse for our men. They still remain first-class riders across country, but they have also succeeded in training their horses to jump amidst the exciting and discomposing surroundings of a great horse show in a building, with a band playing and electric light replacing daylight, and with the occasional rattle of applause from the spectators—a sound which startles horses more than any other.

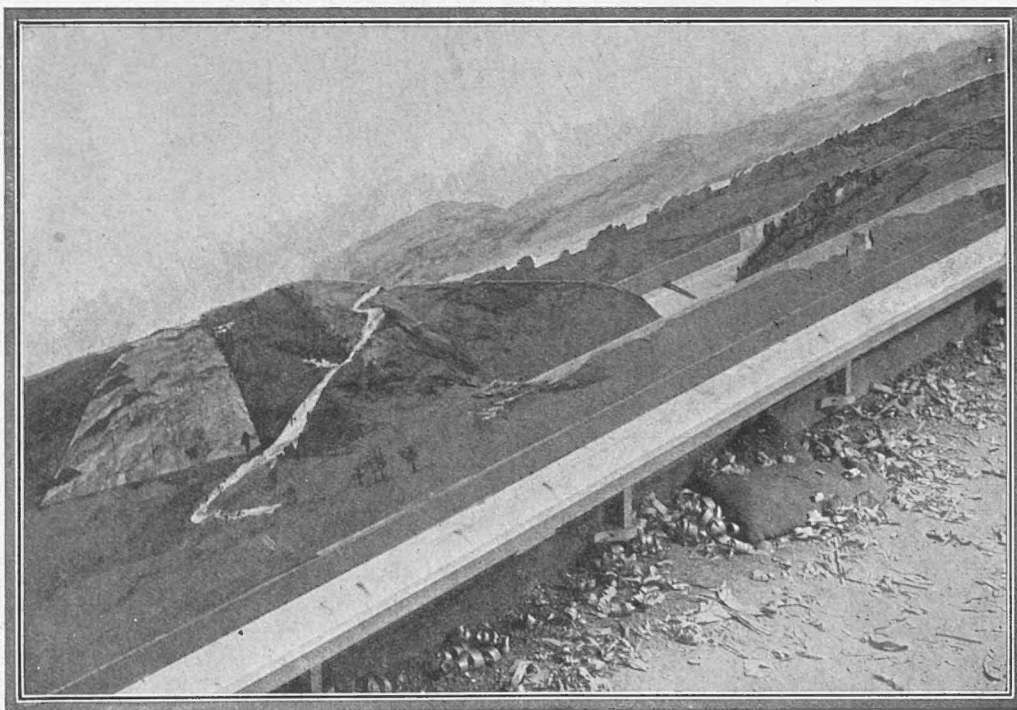


FIRING AT A PICTURE BY A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: TERRITORIALS USING THE TARGET PAINTED FOR THEM BY MR. W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.

The Chinese Secret Societies. It would seem that the secret societies in China have composed their contentions, and are going to unite under the leadership of Sun-yat-sen to drive the present dynasty from the throne, to expel all foreigners from China, and to appropriate all the works, manufactories, and railways built by foreign capital. As a rule, these Chinese societies, all of which have beautiful names—such as White Lilies—and pretend to be either gatherings of philosophers or athletes, quarrel like cat and dog among themselves. I remember at Singapore a tremendous battle in the streets between two of these secret societies, who fought like demons with heavy bamboos. After one of these battles—and there were plenty of them—the police were always able to obtain details from the men in hospital concerning their opponents, and the head men of the societies, being warned, kept their disciples in order for a period. The coming storm in China seems, however, to be a very serious affair. Arms have been imported from Russia, men have been drilled by the thousand, large bodies of troops have been suborned, and if the foreign-drilled troops, who are well disciplined and well armed, join the mutineers, a European expedition four times the size of that sent against the Boxers will be required to put down the trouble. All the British warships in the China seas, which should have been paying a complimentary visit to Japan, are now

grouped at Wei-Hai-Wei, ready to land a naval brigade if one is required. The cry of the conspirators, which will appeal to every Chinese coolie and peasant, is that the dearness of rice is caused by the machinations of the Manchus and Foreign Devils.

A New Experiment. It is said that Mr. Pruger, the ex-manager of the Savoy Hotel, is to be given the management of the Royal Automobile Club when it moves to its new home in Pall Mall. If this is so, it will be interesting to see what means a manager who has won his spurs in a great hotel and restaurant will employ to keep the members of a club



A TARGET PAINTED BY A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: "PORTSDOWN HILLS, ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD" (BY MR. W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.)—THE BACKGROUND OF A MINIATURE RIFLE RANGE.

That famous marine painter, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, is a captain in the Hampshire (Fortress) Engineers (Territorials), whose headquarters are at Portsmouth. He has painted for the corps this target-background for the miniature rifle-range, which shows the Portsdown Hills, on the Portsmouth Road.—[Photographs by Stephen Cribb.]

in their club house at dinner-time. The restaurants at present have the better of the tussle with the clubs. Perhaps Mr. Pruger will be able to show the secretaries and managers of other clubs how to adapt restaurant attractions to club dinners.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

"MR. ROOSEVELT," says one paper, "dined last night with Mr. St. Loe Strachey, Lord Cromer, a former Consul-General in Egypt, being among the guests." A former Consul-General! Is the great Pro-Consul so soon forgotten?

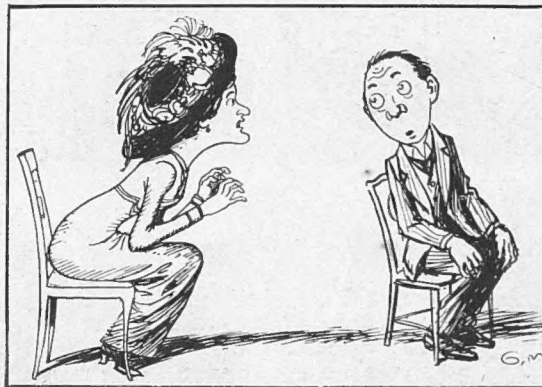
THE TIGER GIRL.

(Even more up to date than the Principal Snake in the company of the future will be the Tiger Girl.)

The sort of girl I want,
Is a girl about five feet two,
With raven hair, and a sparkling air,
And a Roosevelt touch of the "Zoo."

By that I intend to hint
A girl of the tiger type,
With emotional style, and a Riga smile,
But minus the tiger's stripe.

I found my tiger girl,
Her beauty was hard to match,
She'd all the grace of the feline race,
But also its power to scratch.
She dined off the other girls,
But she treated me worse than that,
For the company struck, and I dared not chuck
My beautiful tiger - cat.



"Saved by a cow-catcher," chirrups an enthusiastic headline. There are many more exciting adventures to the square inch in London than in the wild and woolly West. The youth of the Metropolis can get plenty of excitement without becoming cow-boys.

"Rain," says a telegram, "has fallen in Victoria in

wrecked three public-houses. In the report, there is not even the slightest indication that they drank the beer. If the mob had gone for the Reichstag, we should have deplored their conduct, but have understood it.

"Sliding Swiss Mountain," says a headline. They really ought to stop this rinkomania now that summer is coming on.

French dentists say that you can tell character by the teeth, and that straight teeth show vanity. They are frequently the cause of it; but, all the same, it is not true that curled teeth à la Mastodon are to be worn in fashionable circles this summer.

The expedition of the British Ornithologists' Union has discovered a new pigmy race in New Guinea, and also the tracks of a gigantic hoofed animal. The most wonderful part of the story is that



places where it was greatly needed." If it would only show equal discrimination over here we should feel easier about our week-ends.

Writing of Mr. Hardy's seventieth birthday, a very descriptive reporter observes, "Nobly he carries his years, walking very erect in the light-grey suit that he wears invariably beneath a soft grey hat." More eccentricities of genius.

According to the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* (got over that fence all right), the Kaiser's boil was caused by a slight abrasion caused by the friction of the cuff on the skin. It was emphatically a German Cuff Comment.

Mr. Taft is going to appoint Mr. Roosevelt head of a Commission which is to work for the enforcement of general peace. This reminds one of the



schoolmaster who said—"Boys, be pure in heart. If you're not, I'll flog you."

Intelligence does not seem to be of a high order in Dorpen, Upper Bavaria. The Reichstag has put an additional tax on beer, and the mob, as a measure of protest,

the gigantic beast does not seem to have eaten the pigmies, and the pigmies have somehow neglected to shoot the beast. Some people have no idea of sport.

A merry Swiss boy has been bitten by a dog, and the owner of the animal has had to pay £200 for "matrimonial deterioration" caused by the disfigurement. The owner must be thankful that the dog did not



take it into its head to bite a bit off a girl's nose, or he might have had to pay millions. And no nonsense about a first bite in Switzerland.

It is noted as a peculiarity of a mighty amateur golf-player that he grasps his club in the palm of his right hand. How should he do it? With his off hind leg?

BEAUTIFUL PORK.

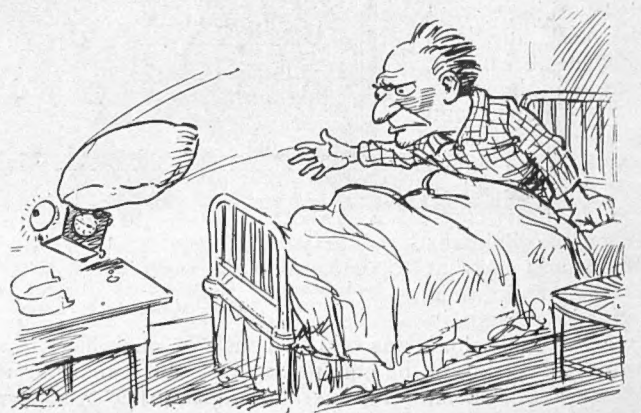
(Eat pork! Such is the sage advice of the latest medical opinion to the maid or matron who desires a complexion like a newly opened blush-rose.)

Eat pork, sweet maid, and let who will eat mutton;
Boiled breakfast bacon should your day begin;
And the reward of each pork-eating glutton
Shall be a velvet skin!

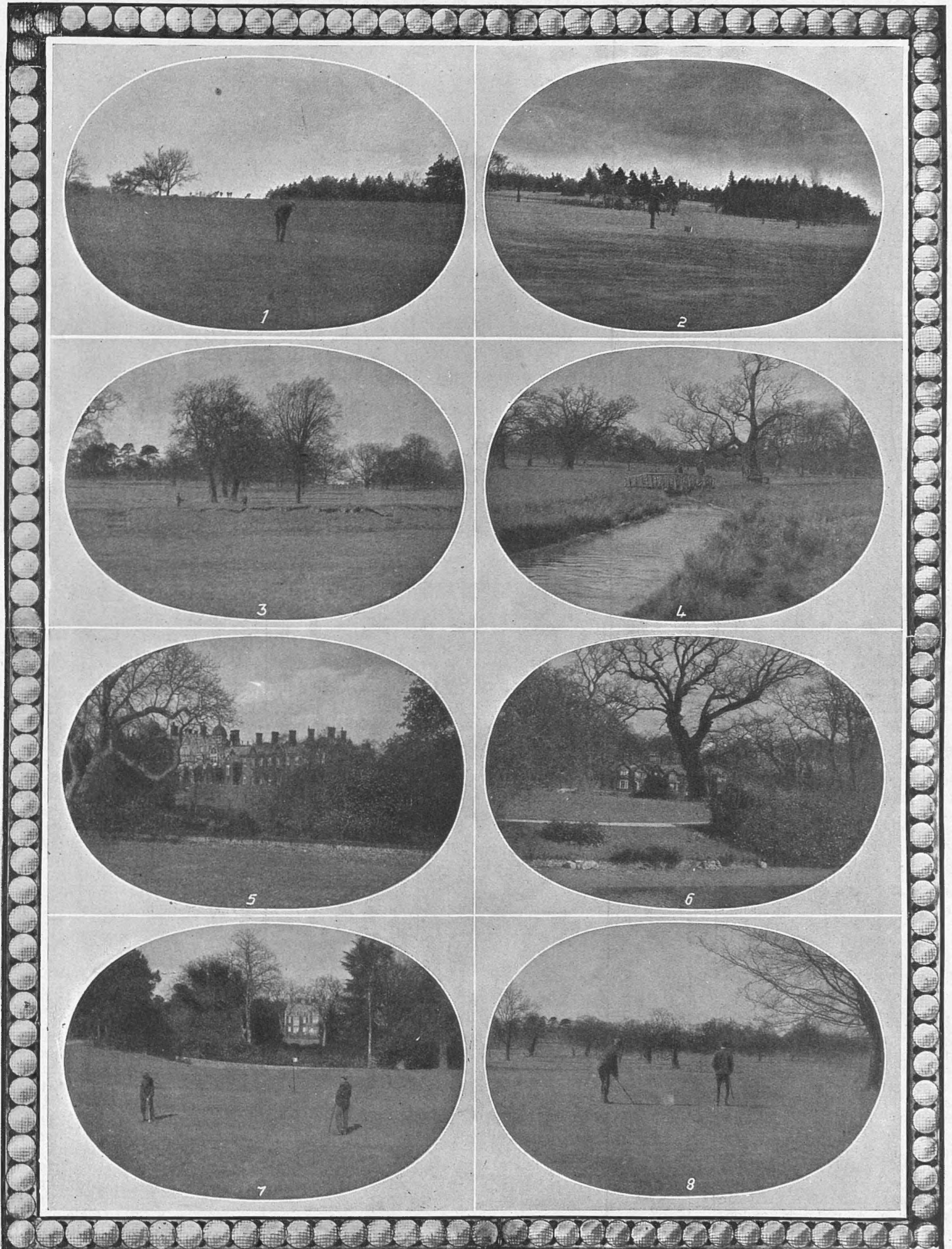
A tailors' paper says that King George succeeds to the title of the "best-dressed monarch," and adds that "he is faithful to the D.B. frock." Imitators should

take note that the King never wears a billycock hat with this style of coat.

American doctors have started a theory that early rising tends to madness. And yet Mr. Willett wants us to get up an hour earlier in the bright summer time.



LINKS OVER WHICH MOST OF THE ROYALTIES OF EUROPE HAVE PLAYED: THE SANDRINGHAM GOLF COURSE.



1. THE FIFTH GREEN.

3. BUNKERS GUARDING THE SEVENTH GREEN.

5. SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, AS SEEN WHILE ON THE WAY TO THE FIRST GREEN.

7. THE NINTH GREEN, WITH A VIEW OF SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

2. A VIEW SHOWING THE STRAIGHT DRIVE REQUIRED FROM THE FOURTH TEE.

4. THE STREAM HAZARD, FROM THE SEVENTH TEE.

6. YORK COTTAGE, SANDRINGHAM, AS SEEN WHILE ON THE WAY TO THE SECOND GREEN.

8. A VIEW FROM THE SEVENTH TEE, SHOWING HAZARDS IN THE DISTANCE.

The Sandringham Golf Course has nine holes, and is of a most sporting nature. It has been played over by most of the royalties of Europe. The bogey is thirty-five. The stream, which runs right through the course, and so provides a natural hazard, is crossed three times during the round. The course was made about ten years ago. Various alterations in it were made from time to time at the suggestion of King Edward.—[Photographs by Ullyett.]

SMALL TALK

MRS. CARL MEYER is indefatigable; no woman to whom society—with a small “s”—is so beholden can boast a service equalling hers to Society in the larger meaning of the term. One day last week she spoke twice on causes dear to her, although in very different degrees. At Mr. Godfrey Baring’s house in Queen’s Gate, the Shakespeare Theatre was her subject; in the evening she received the guests (among whom was the Duchess of Marlborough with her famous pearls—jewels of mourning *par excellence*) of the St. Pancras School for Mothers. She made her speech in reply to the toast of “The Mothers,” and the whole function was, as one of the men present observed, a very

proper school for daughters—a school for beauty, wit, and the graver graces of the heart.

The Second Mrs. Van Raalte.

Mrs. Van Raalte’s name is sufficiently



WIFE OF THE NEW HEADMASTER OF HARROW: MRS. LIONEL FORD.

Mrs. Ford is the daughter of the Bishop of Southwark and the Hon. Mrs. Talbot. Her mother is a daughter of the fourth Baron Lyttelton and a sister of those six distinguished brothers among whom is the Headmaster of Eton.

Photograph by Beresford.

uncommon in England to have become very much her own property here; now she has the doubtful pleasure of sharing it with a character in a musical comedy. She did not, however, watch her namesake from the stalls of the Vaudeville on the first night of “The Girl in the Train,” but took refuge instead in her box at Covent Garden, where she had the satisfaction of being the only Mrs. Van Raalte present. She has at least the consolation of not figuring in a popular song.

A Schwabism. Mr. Schwab looks in vain down Piccadilly for a palace equal to his own at the corner of 72nd Street and Riverside Drive. The housing question among money magnates on this side of the Atlantic and among those on the other is entirely different. New York insists upon magnificence; London would be grieved and shocked if the Duke of Devonshire lived behind anything but plain brick walls three storeys high, or if Lord Londonderry removed the coal-smoke that appropriately covers Londonderry House. Mr. Schwab was, by the way, a “breaker-boy” in a coal-mine before he came to employ his own little squad of 50,000 men. He has declared that his Steel Corporation ought to employ no man who could not get drunk on Apollinaris—meaning that no



THE NEW HEIR TO THE EARLDOM OF CADOGAN: THE HON. GERALD CADOGAN.

The Hon. Gerald Cadogan is heir to the Earldom of Cadogan, and the valuable property in Chelsea and in Suffolk. He will probably take the title of Lord Oakley, that of his father’s Barony of that name. Three Viscounts Chelsea—two sons and one grandson—have died during Lord Cadogan’s life-time.

Photograph by Cousins.

alcoholic subject would be affected by the infinitesimal headiness of the water.

A Warning.

Sir Bruce Seton’s mishap at the hands of an Italian railway-thief seems to have been unreported, and as, indirectly, the story is a protest against the overcrowding of trains in Italy, I will print it here. Failing, the other day, to find his reserved carriage from Florence (where he had been Mr. Labouchere’s guest) to Rome, Sir Bruce forced his way into a well-packed ordinary compartment. As he lifted his bag to the rack, another man rose, passing his hat as he did so under Sir Bruce’s chin. “He’s stealing your scarf-pin,” called a woman from a corner. “I have no scarf-pin,” answered Sir Bruce, feeling safe on that point, but nevertheless dropping his arms and wheeling round in all



THE NEW HEADMASTER OF HARROW: THE REV. LIONEL FORD.

The Rev. Lionel Ford, the new Headmaster of Harrow School, is the son of the late Mr. William Augustus Ford. He is a Repton and Cambridge man, and was Headmaster of Repton for nine years.

Photograph by Beresford.

haste. But the man was gone, lost in the crowd on the platform. With him went, not a tie-pin, but the whole of Sir Bruce’s travelling-funds—£150 in a note-book that was carried in his inner breast-pocket. For more than a moment Sir Bruce wished himself back at Durham House, with a comfortable Chelsea constable in the shadow of his porch.

The Delicacy of the Democrats. The Society of American Women in London, famous

for excellent lunches and better speeches, does not pretend to cope with the question of the needs of Americans in this city. In the first place, the Society is without premises, or the intention of acquiring them. But I hear that at last a club is to be provided for our Transatlantic guests—to use a word that has much more actual significance in the States than in England. Here even distinguished visitors sometimes find themselves unable to secure, conveniently, election to a suitable club, and it is to remove this disability that the present scheme has been set on foot. Difficulties, of course, there are. Social barriers are enormously strong in the States, and to guard the required reserves and preserves in a club intended for a constantly shifting membership of travellers will be a task of the utmost delicacy.



ENGAGED TO MR. HERBERT ASQUITH, SECOND SON OF THE PREMIER: THE HON. CYNTHIA CHARTERIS.

Miss Cynthia Charteris, whose engagement to the Prime Minister’s second son, Mr. Herbert Asquith, has just been announced, is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Elcho, and a granddaughter of Lord Wemyss. Her mother, Lady Elcho, is one of the three beautiful daughters of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, who are immortalised in Sargent’s famous portrait group, the other two being Lady Tennant and Mrs. Charles Adeane. Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., is an uncle of Miss Cynthia Charteris. She is a great friend of her future sister-in-law, Miss Violet Asquith, and is a clever amateur actress, having frequently taken part in amateur theatricals with Lady Alington and Mrs. Willie James.—[Photograph by P.P.A.]

THE SCULPTOR - WIFE OF THE SEEKER OF THE SOUTH POLE: WORKS BY MRS. ROBERT F. SCOTT.



1. MR. CHRISTOPHER HEAD.

4. MOTHER AND CHILD.

7. JACK.

2. MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY.

5. MRS. ROBERT F. SCOTT AT WORK.

8. MR. GRANVILLE BARKER.

3. A GROUP.

6. THE STOLEN BABY.

9. SIR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM.

Mrs. Scott, wife of Captain Scott, whose Antarctic Expedition left London the other day, is well known as a sculptor, and has produced a number of works of outstanding merit. She it was who designed the medal presented to Commander Peary recently by the Royal Geographical Society. Formerly Miss Kathleen Bruce, she is a daughter of the late Canon Lloyd Bruce.—[Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Topical.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

KING GEORGE loses in Sir William Butler a friend who had found favour as an officer, and more particularly as a man, with both Queen Victoria and King Edward. When Sir William, returning from the Ashanti Campaign with malaria, was taken to Netley Hospital, he was for several days delirious. On opening his eyes for the first time to a normal world, he found England, in the person of Queen Victoria, beside him, looking directly into his face. How near he was to death during that illness may be gathered from the mistake of the fellow-officer who, during the voyage home, came on deck to announce that he had "just closed poor Butler's eyes." The fever that had seemingly killed him then is held responsible in a great part for his death last week.

The Opinions of a King.

Among friends, the late King was ever frank in his likes and dislikes. If a man, or a cigar, was to his distaste, he said so in language that made the fact clear to those who were responsible for the brand — of friend or of weed, as the case might be. But if he would not

take to a thing against his will, he was equally careful not to be guided in his disapprovals. At the time of Sir William Butler's recall from South Africa, uncomplimentary things were pretty openly said of him. King Edward's comment was: "The other Generals tell me Butler is a terror; I like the man."

Lord Knollys. An agreeable sign of the unity between the late King and the present King is that Lord Knollys is continued in his office. We should not have to hark back many reigns to find that a man's service under one monarch was as likely as not totally to incapacitate him for service under a succeeding one. Everybody is delighted with Lord Knollys' reappointment, and he himself is delighted with their delight. Only one paper's form of announcement, in which he is said to

have "consented" to retain his post, as if conferring instead of receiving a favour, has slightly annoyed him. There are certain conventions in methods of announcement that may be conveniently preserved.

The Lord-in-Waiting.

As was expected, Lord Annaly has been appointed permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King. He enters upon his duties with that best of all qualifications—the full confidence and understanding of his royal master, to whom he had already acted as Lord-of-the-Bedchamber. The Pytchley will probably see much less of Lord Annaly, an ardent



TO MARRY MR. F. H. RUSSELL: MISS HENRIETTA NEWBOLT. Miss Henrietta Newbolt, who is soon to be married to Mr. F. H. Russell, of Cairo, is the elder daughter of the Rev. Canon Newbolt, Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral. Canon Newbolt's second daughter recently married the organist of St. Paul's.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO LORD ELPHINSTONE: LADY MARY BOWES-LYON.

Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon, who is engaged to Lord Elphinstone, is the eldest of the three surviving daughters of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. She has been brought up at Glamis Castle, where there are said to be ghosts and a secret chamber. (Photograph by Maude A. Craigie-Halkett.)



TO MARRY MISS HENRIETTA NEWBOLT: MR. F. H. RUSSELL.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

and a fearless rider to hounds, than in the past; but as one of his immediate predecessors in the Mastership of the Hunt was killed in the field, Lady Annaly, at least, may be pleased to exchange the anxieties of the meet for the ties of Marlborough House. Lady Annaly is herself counted among the friends of the King and Queen, and her kinsman, Lord Clifden, has entertained King George in Cornwall.

"George, R.I.; Mary."

Those who have ingeniously detected in the joint signature, "George, R.I.; Mary," an intimation on the part of the signatories of their desire to share some of the minuter duties of the throne have perhaps overlooked the precise circumstances of the case. Lady Butler, to whom the telegram bearing the signature was sent, was not only the friend of King George, his father, and his grandmother, but, before Queen Mary's marriage was often at the White Lodge. The Duke and Duchess of Teck were then in residence, and it was at that time that Queen Mary and she began the friendship that very naturally found expression in last week's message of sympathy.

Houses and the Husband.

Lady Emily Lutyens has a husband and a fair complexion, and no experience of Strangeways Gaol or Holloway: most other things, including a host of opinions on woman's needs and rights, she holds in common with her sister Lady Constance Lytton. The husband, maybe, supplies the arguments that have kept her from the prisons. He finds them ugly, if he finds them nothing else: and, as the architect of many delightful houses, he has a particular right to do so. Some of Mr. Lutyens' best work was put up for Lord Battersea and Lord Hillingdon, and he built the much-commended British Pavilion for the Paris Exhibition. It is at the White City that Lady Emily Lutyens has now taken the chair at one of the meetings of the Women's Congress.

Sufferettes. Lady Strachey is doing yeowoman's service at Shepherd's Bush, and has reason to be pleased—and is—with the Women's Congress. Everything has gone smoothly; even the traditional male interrupter has been abashed by the wit and wisdom of the gatherings. Nor has male approval been expressed in the terms used by the gentleman who, none the better for drink, was asked to leave a Suffrage meeting. "No, I won't," he answered. "I'm all for Women's Suffrage. Damn 'em, let them suffer!"



WIFE OF SIR JOHN FRENCH'S SECRETARY AND A.D.C. MAJOR WAIT: MRS. WAIT.

Major Wait is Aide-de-Camp and Secretary to Sir John French, Inspector-General of the Forces.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO MARRY MISS MARGERY FANE DE SALIS TO-MORROW (THE 16TH): DR. HUGH W. BAYLY.

Photograph by Lafayette.

TO MARRY DR. HUGH W. BAYLY TO-MORROW (THE 16TH): MISS MARGERY FANE DE SALIS.

Photograph by Lafayette.

ASCOT IMPROVED: ALTERATIONS THAT ARE VERY WELCOME.



1. DESIGNED TO PREVENT SPECTATORS LEANING OVER ON TO THE COURSE: THE NEW DOUBLE ROW OF RAILS ALONG THE STRAIGHT MILE.
3. ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE SEATING ACCOMMODATION: THE NEW PART OF THE SUBSCRIBERS' PRIVATE STAND.
5. THE MINIATURE HOSPITAL (THE ERECTION OF WHICH WAS SUGGESTED BY THE LATE KING), AND THE BADGE-EXCHANGE OFFICE.

2. FRESH ACCOMMODATION FOR PATRONS OF THE GREAT RACE-MEETING: THE NEW STAND—FRONT VIEW.
4. A NEW SHORT CUT: THE PATHWAY FROM THE GRAND- STAND GROUNDS TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
6. THE TUNNEL BETWEEN THE FIVE-SHILLING STAND AND THE ENCLOSURE, SHOWING THE WAY IN WHICH IT PASSES BENEATH THE COURSE.

There are several improvements to be noted this year. To begin with, the railway company have erected a special platform for visitors to the royal enclosure. It is approached through the grounds of Ascot Heath House. The five-shilling stand on the course has been enlarged, and it is now a capital place from which to view the racing. A new tunnel between this stand and the enclosure will enable visitors to cross the course in safety. It is roomy and well built. At the instigation of King Edward, who saw the accident to F. Wootton last year, a hospital has been erected at the back of the grand stand. It has wards, surgery, and a private room for the doctor. Another improvement to be welcomed is a badge-exchange office in the grand stand enclosure.—[Photographs by the Sports Company.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Sherlock Holmes Again.

There will always be a public for a "Sherlock Holmes" play. Detective stories and detective dramas please thousands. The success of "Raffles," "Arsène Lupin," and "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—our modern "Dick Turpin" and "Jack Sheppard" dramas—prove this, though in them the sympathy is with the criminal. For they all appeal to the great sporting instinct of our people. The epitaph to earn which the Briton will risk his life gaily is the simple line "He was a good sportsman," and some would be proud of the "Quinquies mille perdrices plumbo confecit," intended for the tombstone of old Count Zähdarm. So "The Speckled Band" had a prodigious reception. Yet my withers were unwrung, because Sir Arthur had shown no great skill in piling on the horrors, and poor dear Sherlock, quite a clever fellow on paper, is not a "flyer" in the theatre. Why do these wonderful detectives and wonderful criminals of fiction become such bunglers when transferred to the stage? Still, "Who said snakes?" may well be a question for months to come. Mr. Lyn Harding, the greatest villain of our stage, had full scope as the half-mad doctor, Rylott. Every member of the audience will remember him for a long time. Perhaps the part of Sherlock is less effective: still, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, by clever acting, made a great deal of it, and was very skilful in concealing his identity when disguised. Mr. Claude King made Sherlock's Boswell quite a human creature, which was much to his credit. Miss Christine Silver, as the persecuted heroine, suggested terror very ably: her acting was really admirable.

The New Musical Farce.

"The Girl in the Train" has puzzled the critics:—According to the programme, it is "a musical play"—an intrinsically absurd, uncompromising phrase; so some have called it farce with music, others comedy with music, others vaudeville, and so on. In fact it is—well, it is a piece with some passages of broad comedy and a great deal of pretty music. One may tire a little of the comic trial, even if a living Judge be caricatured; but people will be humming Leo Fall's tunes—when they have mastered them, and even before, alas!—for a long time to come. In the title-part Miss Phyllis Dare has the triumph of her career; Miss Clara Evelyn sang prettily as the jealous wife. Mr. Robert Evett charmed the house by his

singing; and who can say anything adequate concerning the humours of Messrs. Rutland Barrington, Huntley Wright, and Fred Emney!

A New Dramatist. The Stage Society often discovers a new dramatist—sometimes disappointing, often promising. Mr. Ashley Dukes belongs to the latter class. His play, "Civil War," has passages of really fine quality, and though some scenes are too long, it is interesting throughout. The most noteworthy quality is in the dialogue, much of it remarkably characteristic, yet fine in phrase. Some of his people are very solidly drawn, a sense of humour is exhibited, and also the courage of reticence. The daughter of the Socialist was admirably represented by Miss Penelope Wheeler, the son of the Conservative very well by Mr. Frederick Sargent. Mr. J. Fisher White and Mr. James Hearn played superbly, each representing a strongly drawn, passionate man with real power and strong sense of character. Mr. Athol Stewart, in a light comedy part, was quite amusing.



Sir Richard Kato (Sir Charles Wyndham).

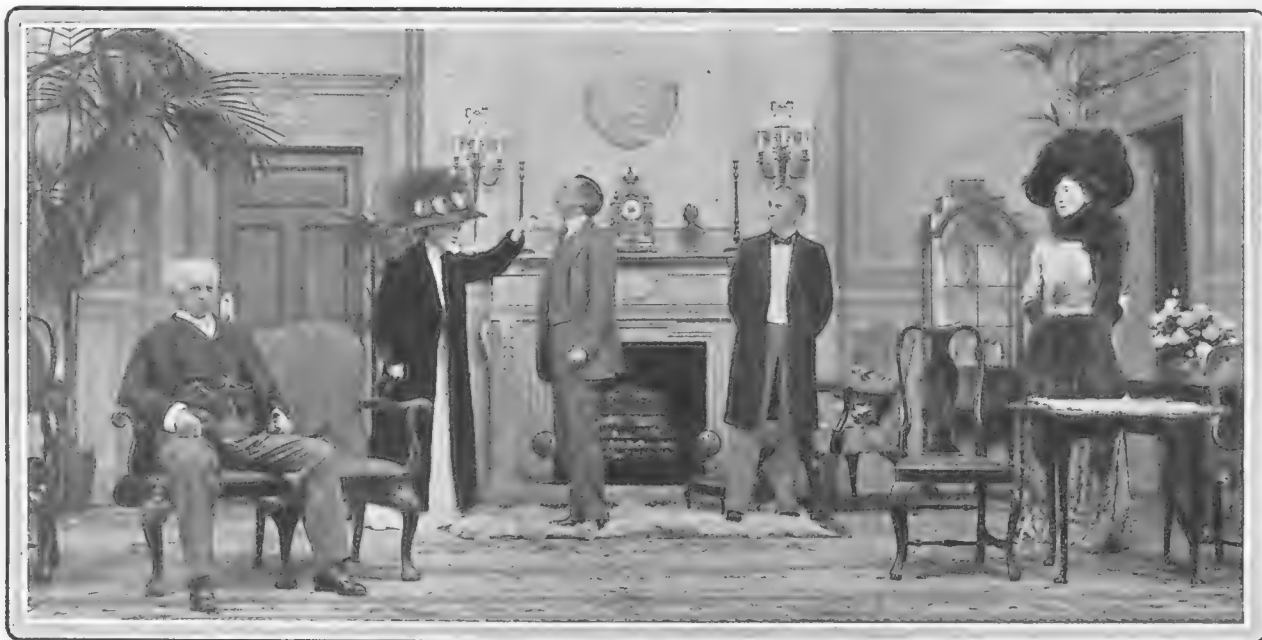
Mrs. Quesnel (Miss Ellis Jeffreys).

THE REVIVAL OF "THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN," AT THE CRITERION: SIR RICHARD KATO FLIRTS GAILY WITH MRS. QUESNEL.

The Latest from M. Paul Her-
Paris. vieu is a fashion-
able French
dramatist; "Connais-toi" is said to be one of his best works; so "Glass Houses," a version of it, was—well, I am not quite sure

what it was, nor were the audience or the critics. So it is rather a puzzler, causing you to be uncertain, sometimes, whether you are intended to laugh or not: when in doubt, don't laugh—if you can help it—is my motto. The last scenes certainly were quite serious, and not deeply moving. Although Mr. Arthur Bouchier presented the chief figure, the ferocious elderly officer, he was not a very moving person, and we saw his conversion to a Christian spirit of tolerance without great joy—perhaps we suspected that it was only a skin-deep conversion, and considered the happy-ever-after ending as merely one of sorrow postponed. It was a mistake to produce the play immediately after "Parasites," for Mr. Bouchier seemed embarrassed in trying to

differentiate the two warriors, and sometimes in part accomplished his task by making inarticulate noises instead of speeches. Still, he had several really strong passages. Mr. Norman Trevor played the character of the guilty lover excellently, and Mr. George



Admiral the Hon. Sir Joseph Darby
(Mr. Alfred Bishop).

Lady Susan Harabin
(Miss Mary Moore).

James Harabin
(Mr. Sam Sothorn).

Sir Richard Kato
(Sir Charles Wyndham).

Mrs. Quesnel
(Miss Ellis Jeffreys).

THE REVIVAL OF "THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN," AT THE CRITERION: LADY SUSAN SNAPS HER FINGERS AT HER HUSBAND.

Bealby was rather amusing as a vacillating husband. Mr. Herbert Sleath had a poor part as a bad young man. Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Miss Muriel Beaumont completed the cast.

WOMAN AND THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: LADIES SEEN IN THE ARENA AT OLYMPIA.



1. MISS ELLA S. ROSS.—Of Sale, Cheshire, who exhibited 15 horses and entered for 25 classes. Her Grand Viceroy won a novice harness class for horses over 15 and not above 15.2 hands.
2. MISS GODDEN.—With Pretty Peggy, a bay mare (15.1½), exhibited by Mr. W. Webb Ware, and entered in four classes. Pretty Peggy was third in a class for novice roadsters or trotters, won by Mr. Walter Winans' Invicta, the second place being taken by Miss Loula Long's The King.
3. MRS. HARTLEY BATT.—Who exhibited two chestnut mares, Lady Rosbach (14.3½) and Happy May (14.3½), and entered for six classes.
4. MISS F. M. MERRETT.—Messrs. F. M. and A. E. Merrett, of Green Farm, Hardwicke, Gloucester, exhibited Majesty (a bay gelding, 14.3½) and Valentine (a grey gelding, 16.0), entering for seven classes of the jumping competitions.

5. MISS EURGAIN LORT.—Of Castlemai, Carnarvon. Her one exhibit, Traveller's Joy, a four-year-old bay (14.1), entered for two of the harness classes, proved refractory on the opening day. He dashed away with the trap, throwing the driver, who was seriously injured, and doing much damage to the traps of other competitors.
6. MRS. EDWIN GOAD.—Of Castle Keep, Reigate, who entered six horses for fourteen classes.
7. MRS. W. C. N. CHAPMAN.—Of Heppington, Canterbury, who entered ten horses for the same number of classes. Her chestnut, Canterbury Belle, won one of the classes for ladies' hacks.

8. MISS A. SYLVIA BROCKLEBANK.—Of Irton Hall, Holmrook, Cumberland, who had five horses entered for four classes. Her team of four bays was third in the competition for the Venture-Viking Challenge Cup for four-in-hands, presented by Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt.
9. MRS. CLEMENTS.—Who rode various horses for Mrs. W. J. Tatem, who entered three horses in nine classes.
10. MISS VERA MORRIS.—Of Park Street, Park Lane, who entered her chestnut gelding, Lord Algy (15.3) in three classes, for the Paris Cup for Riding Horses and Ponies, Ladies' Hacks, and Ladies' Hunters.
11. MRS. V. H. MCBRIDE.—Who entered her chestnut mare, Rosemary, for a class of Ladies' Hacks exceeding 15.2 hands, and for the Diana Cup for Ladies' Qualified Hunters.



MISS SERENE NORD, THE DIVING VENUS.

IF, unlike Venus Aphrodite, Miss Serene Nord was not born from the sea, she was born for it. She was only five when she began to swim with all the easy grace of second nature. Two years later she began to dive. She owed her introduction to the water to the fact that an elder brother was devoted to it, and sought to mitigate his disappointment at her being a sister instead of a brother by determining to make her as accomplished a swimmer as any of the boys in the seaside town of their native Sweden. Eventually her brother went to America and settled in Los Angeles, taking her with him. Naturally, she began swimming in the Pacific, and once, when she was fourteen, she swam ten miles in the ocean in five hours and forty-five minutes.



HEARD AT THE EXTRA SYMPHONY CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL LAST WEEK: MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

It was arranged that Mr. Mark Hambourg should play the solo part at the first performance in London of Mr. Busoni's novel Piano Concerto (with choral ending), and that he should be heard in company with Mr. Busoni in the Liszt Concerto Pathétique for Two Pianofortes.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

fourteen she made her début as a diver, performing in the open air. This necessitated springing from an elevated stand into a tank placed on the ground. Unlike many other sensational feats, this is even more dangerous than it looks, for as the tank is invariably rather small, the distance of the jump has to be calculated to a nicety in order to avoid an accident. Happily, Miss Nord's nerves are like cast-iron, and she never is "rattled" or nervous, no matter what happens. Her wonderful nervous poise, like her physical condition, she attributes entirely to swimming, and she believes that if women would only follow her example and take a good daily swim, they would never suffer from "nerves," headaches, or any of the ailments of which so many complain.

Diving from a higher and higher altitude, Miss Nord was at length able to make a jump of ninety feet, which remains the record for a woman—unassailed; for no woman will accept her challenge to dive against her. Realising, however, that every time she made one of these exceptionally high dives she was risking her life, and as theatrical managers were offering her big terms for diving from a spring board, in the way she is now performing at the Coliseum,

she decided to give up her open-air work in favour of her present mode of entertaining.

So far—and may it be written in a lucky moment!—she has never had the slightest suspicion of an accident when she has been performing before the public. Unhappily, she has not had the same immunity when she has been rehearsing. During her last week in America, for instance, while practising a new dive from a spring-board, she missed her calculation and fell heavily in the tank, hitting her head against the far end. The blow was so severe that it made

her unconscious, and she went like a plummet to the bottom of the tank. The next moment she floated, only to sink again. Two men who were watching her at once jumped to her assistance, and took her out of the water. A physician was hurriedly sent for, but, in spite of all his efforts, she remained unconscious for twenty minutes. As soon as she came to, the doctor said she would have to go to a hospital. His words acted like a revivifying shock. She pulled herself together and declared she would do nothing of the kind, but would go home. She did. When she got there, instead of going to bed, as most other people would have done, she went into the dining-room and ate a large meal. The doctor was amazed, as he well might have been. The only thing that saved what he believed would have been a fractured skull was the fact that, before making her jump, Miss Nord had twisted her hair up on the top of her head, and as she has very long hair, the thick knot acted as an elastic buffer.



HEARD AT THE EXTRA SYMPHONY CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL LAST WEEK: MR. FERRUCCIO BUSONI.

Mr. Busoni was engaged to conduct his novel Piano Concerto at the extra Symphony Concert given by the New Symphony Orchestra last week, and also, as we have noted under Mr. Hambourg's portrait, to be heard with that pianist in the Liszt Concerto Pathétique for Two Pianofortes.

Photograph by Albert Meyer.



GIVER OF A SERIES OF THREE CONCERTS AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL: DR. SAINT-SAËNS.

Dr. Saint-Saëns, who is as vigorous as ever, despite his four-and-seventy years, arranged to give the first of a series of three orchestral concerts at the Bechstein Hall last week. The second concert is announced for to-day (the 15th); the third, for June 22. Dr. Saint-Saëns is composing a new work for production at the Paris Opera.

Photograph by Vierredelet.



MR. MARK HAMBOURG'S TRAIN ADVENTURE IN CANADA—A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE FAMOUS PIANIST.

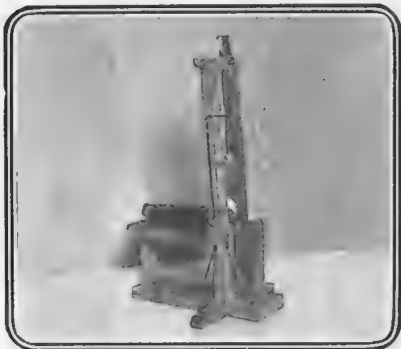
While Mark Hambourg was on his Canadian tour, he had a train adventure of which he took two photographs. On the way from Nelson to Revelsbock, the line passes along the edge of a hill near Bonnington Falls, and as the train approached, an enormous boulder started to roll down. The train was pulled up only just in time, for the rock fell on the line, and was only removed after much labour, a relief train being sent with a gang of men and the necessary chains, etc. The rock was estimated to weigh 35 tons.—[Photograph by the Central News.]

the greatest judgment, for if, as happened on one occasion, she jumped a fraction of a second too late, the flames burnt through the thick protecting paper suit and scorched her body.

Undoubtedly, the most sensational of all her feats is one which no other woman has ever attempted. This is a fire-dive. It is appropriately named, for not only did she dive through a blaze of fire, but the garments she was wearing used also to be alight. Over her diving-suit of silk tights she wore a suit of thick brown paper, and over that a suit of tissue paper saturated with paraffin. At a given moment her tissue-paper suit was set on fire, while petrol, which had previously been placed on the water in the tank, was also lighted. In her blazing costume she dived through the blazing flame into the tank. It was an act which required



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



LA VEUETTE: THE GUILLOTINE THAT CUTS THE HEADS OFF CIGARS.

This curious cigar-cutter is an exact reproduction in miniature of the famous guillotine of France, and, appropriately enough, is the invention of one of Deibler's assistants. It cuts the thickest cigar with the greatest ease.

Photograph by Delius.



MANICURING AN ELEPHANT: PARING THE NAILS OF ONE OF THE GREAT BEASTS WITH A SAW. When an elephant is in captivity, the nature of its habits permits the beast's nails to grow to an abnormal length. Thus the necessity for the careful paring of the nails. After the elephant has been secured the nails are cut with a saw. The photograph shows the operation in progress.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.



A TYPEWRITER THAT CAN BE CARRIED IN THE WAISTCOAT POCKET: THE SMALLEST WRITING-MACHINE.

As can be seen, the typewriter is made in the form of a watch, which can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The letters make their mark under the pressure of the knob within the ring. The writing is done on a strip of glued paper.—[Photo, Delius.]



STANDING ON HIS HEAD IN FACE OF DEATH: A REMARKABLE FEAT IN A BULL-RING.

The photograph shows an extraordinary feat of daring performed by Don Tancredo in the bull-ring at Madrid. The performer is standing on his head while a savage bull is loose in the arena. It may be said that immobility means safety on such an occasion, and it is nothing but immobility that has saved Don Tancredo from death on numerous occasions.—[Photograph by the Central News.]



PRESENTED BY A SCULPTOR: THE BALLET OF "COPPELIA," BY GIR.

Amongst the many interesting works shown at the Salon des Humoristes in Paris, one of the most remarkable is that here illustrated, Delibes' famous ballet, "Coppelia," which is the work of Gir.

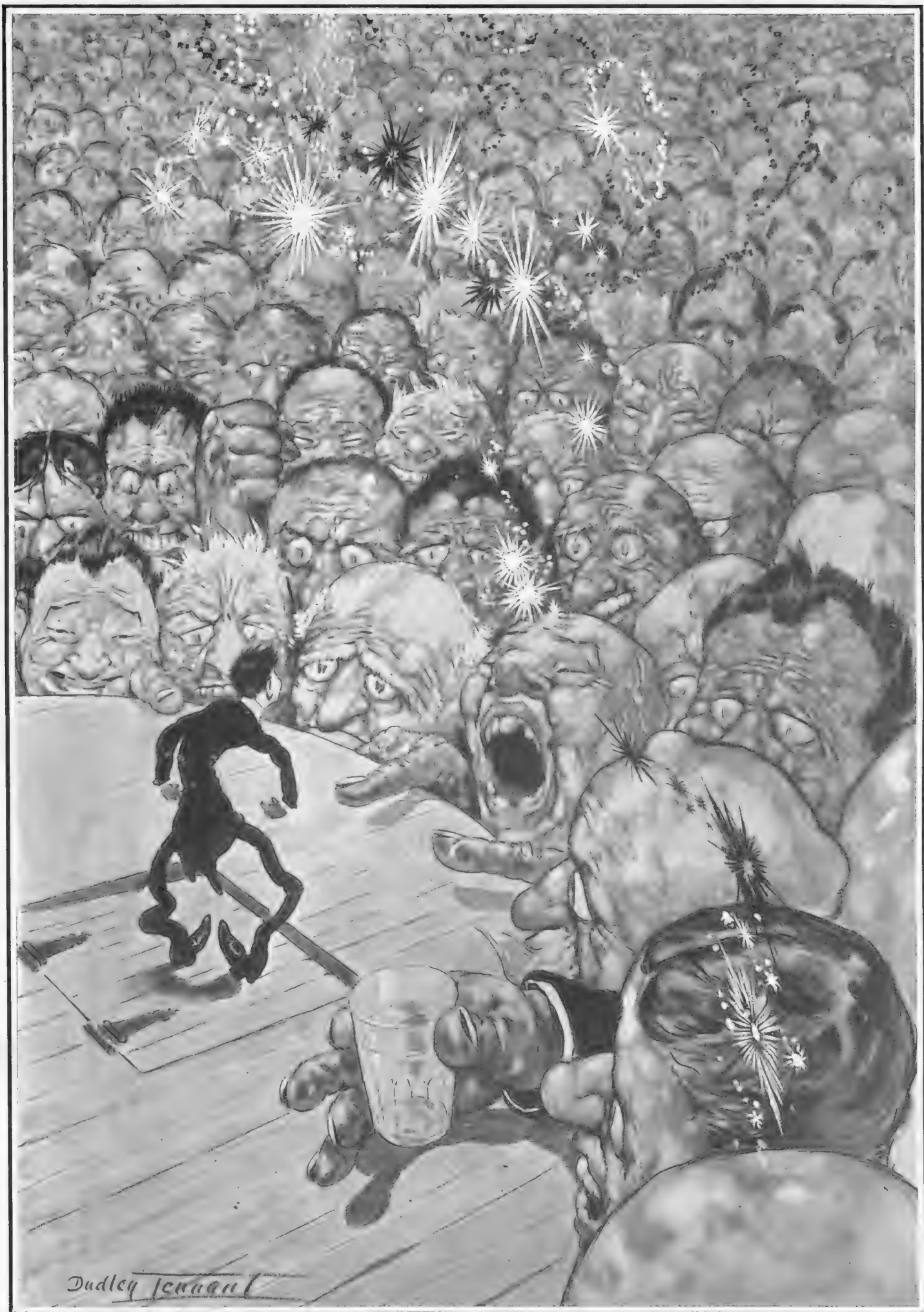
"WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN."



HE (*slightly embarrassed at the failure of his new aeroplane*): Er, shall we reverse, Lady Mary?

DRAWN BY DYKE WHITE.

What it Feels Like—



III.—TO MAKE YOUR FIRST APPEARANCE BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

SIMON THE JESTER.*

SIMON DE GEX belongs to Mr. Locke's favourite type of hero. Compare him with Marcus Ordeyne, or with Septimus, or even with the "beloved" Paragot, and you will be able to trace in them all a certain family likeness. Millionaire or vagabond, scholar or politician, the type possesses marked and very engaging characteristics. No matter what may be his name, this hero is a fastidious, highly strung creature, apt at self-revelation, garrulous in a disarming, witty way, somewhat formal and precise of speech, urbane but also fantastic in humour, a philosopher who owns Epicurus for master, a Quixote who may at any time be landed into the sublimest follies and the oddest company. At once sentimental and whimsical, he is not eager to come to grips with the stern realities of life—he prefers to dwell in a world fashioned out of his own day-dreams—and yet he is the sort of man who is always riding atilt at the conventions of Society, and is always involving himself, thanks to his generous and uncalculating temper, in the most embarrassing predicaments.

Such an eccentric is Simon "the Jester," but besides his charming personality he has another passport to our sympathy. A rising M.P. who is promised a seat in the Cabinet, a seeming favourite of fortune blessed with a comfortable income, and engaged to a girl of many virtues, he suddenly learns from his doctors that he has just six months more to live. Not being one of your whining sort, Simon sits down calmly to decide how he can turn this brief spell to good account. He concludes that he is justified in endeavouring to make himself and others as happy as possible. He will not go on doing things that are distasteful to him, and he will see if he cannot perform a few kindnesses to his friends. So, hiding the gravity of his illness, he cuts himself adrift from disagreeable duties and starts disposing of his fortune in benefactions. Why should a dying man worry with politics? His secretary, Dale Kynnersley, loves the game and is ambitious. Dale shall take his place. Why, again, should Simon cling to his money? He will have no use for that in the grave. Let him, then, give pleasure to those who need it, and have still to live.

It must be confessed the hero's mode of bestowing his charity was deplorably indiscriminating, but, if no credit to him, it is an occasion of laughter to the reader. What could be more amusing than his experience of pressing a five-pound note into a beggar-woman's hand and then finding himself compelled to enlist the services of a policeman and a messenger-boy before the poor dame can benefit by his madness! Needless to say, his money soon takes wings. Is there anything else he can do? he asks. Yes; he can free his fiancée, Eleanor Faversham, from what is now a bad match. That gives

him an unpleasant quarter of an hour; but he has always liked her, hardly loved her, and so, once the interview is over, he has a feeling of escape. There is also his friend Dale, who is entangled, he learns, with a woman of "impossible" type. He is asked to intervene. He resolves to see this Lola Brandt and try to rescue his friend. But, in undertaking his task, he plunges, all unknowingly, into a series of adventures that are to alter completely his "values" of life.

Lola, Simon finds, is no vulgar siren, but a woman of splendid physique and beauty and a curiously magnetic vitality. She has been a *domptesse*, a tamer of wild animals, and it is not only four-legged beasts she can charm. She has struck up a friendship with Dale, because she is lonely and has been unhappily married, and because, too, her only other associate is a quaint little dwarf named Papadapoulos, who exhibits a troupe of cats in music-halls, and shows her a rather embarrassing devotion. Lola can do wonders with his animals, and she does wonders with Simon, for she teaches him the meaning of love. Like many a man who seeks to separate a friend from a woman, Simon cuts out, and so alienates, the very man he intends to help. She has a big

heart, he decides, as well as a big body, and so far from being "impossible," she has every quality a woman should have, including generosity and candour. Her only drawback is that she has a husband. Still unconscious of his love, Simon goes in search of this husband, and Papadapoulos also. They discover him to be a cashiered French officer who has developed into a gambler and a rogue, and no sooner is he met with than poor fastidious Simon is dragged into a horrible murder-scandal, which bespatters his reputation, and Lola's also. Papadapoulos kills the husband in a spasm of homicidal mania, and society thinks the worst of the wife and her man friend. Fate, however, has still a further rod in pickle for Simon. Having squandered his wealth, having lost his good fame, having suffered all the tortures of a disease he has deemed incurable, a French doctor operates on him and makes a marvellous cure. There is Simon then, snatched from the grave and thrust back into life, with all his money spent and his living to make. No wonder he is ungrateful to his saviour.

But a novelist of Mr. Locke's tact does not respite his hero to doom him to misery. There are, it is true, a few trials in front of both Simon and his Lola before true love is permitted its reward. Simon, of all persons, develops an enthusiasm for schemes of social betterment and struggles all one night in a slum tenement with a victim of delirium tremens. Lola, who effaces herself in order that her lover might marry in Eleanor a woman of his own rank, meets with an accident that spoils her beauty. After thus maltreating his heroine, the author relents and gives her happiness at last.



NURSERY MAIDS IN "BALLET SKIRTS": NURSES OF VIENNA IN NATIONAL DRESS.

Photograph by H. Sanden.



IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION: CHIEFS OF KANDY, SHOWING THE REMARKABLE MUSLIN TROUSERS AND SKIRTS THEY FAVOUR WHEN IN GALA DRESS.

Photograph by L. N. A.



HOBBLED WOMAN: A PARISIAN BELLE, SHOWING THE EXTRAORDINARILY TIGHT AND NARROW SKIRT THAT IS SO MUCH THE VOGUE AT THE MOMENT.

Photograph by L. E. A.

"DRESSED IN A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY."



ON TRUST!

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE DESCENDANTS.

By LAURENCE NORTH.

(Author of "Syrinx," "Propriety," etc.)

"STOP, stop!" cried the Conductor. "That will never do at all! Now begin again."

He rattled his baton on the top of the piano.

The four musicians bent to their task grimly. They were in deadly earnest. This time they got safely over the hard place. Burbage beamed as he waved his inspired baton. There was good stuff and real taste and talent, he reflected, in Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, and Greene when they were rightly handled. Out on the sands at Bluesea they would make the dubs patter in when they were properly rehearsed. This is not pure English, but Burbage thought and spoke in slang, after the manner of City clerks; consequently there is no choice for purists. Hopefully, Burbage held his friends' noses to the grindstone, and before long they were making music together very creditably. It may not have been quite up to the Queen's Hall, but it would do for Bluesea.

Shakespeare was first fiddle, Marlowe played the piano (at Bluesea they would have to be content with a jigger-harmonium; next year it might run to a donkey and a piano), Jonson took the 'cello, and Greene the clarinet. Burbage, as the young gentlemen themselves said, "wagged the stick."

"Soft time you have, Dick, old man," Shakespeare said, rosinning his bow, one evening just before practice began.

"I'll exchange if you like. Give me the little fiddle, Billy."

In five minutes William asked for his violin again, and Burbage had made a reputation for discipline which he never lost.

And then, of course, Burbage had to sing, which meant a good deal; for he had a sweet and persuasive tenor voice. His "Come o'er the moonlit sea" would rouse romantic emotions in holiday-makers who never had heard or would hear of Masaniello.

The society met at Marlowe's lodgings because of the piano. It was always a pay-party, and the evening ended with a mild collation—cold beef, bread-and-cheese, and beer. Now and then Marlowe, whose salary was a little less modest than his companions', would provide a lobster-salad, for which he was awarded a vote of thanks in the meantime and a promise of a banquet when good luck smiled upon the band.

The great idea had been Willy Shakespeare's. "We shall never be anything but clerks," Marlowe had grumbled one evening—"underpaid clerks."

"Don't say that," Shakespeare objected; "we are players on fiddles and such-like. Our holidays are coming; let's be strolling players."

At first they had merely thought of niggers, but Willy Shakespeare and Dick Burbage were for something more romantic. At last they hit on the name The Mermen, and the costumes were bespoken accordingly. Practising began in earnest. Burbage proved a martinet of the baton, and the band came bravely into shape. They had only one cloud on the horizon. Marlowe's landlady rather disliked the extra trouble of the meetings. She did not say so directly, but, after the manner of her kind, she threw out hints that Mr. Crabtree, the literary gent downstairs, could not get on with his work in the evenings, and had give notice more than once, but 'ad reconsidered.

The Mermen did not believe in Mr. Crabtree's grievance. It was therefore a surprise to them when, just after a finished performance of "Come o'er the moonlit sea," Mrs. Vaults flung the door open and announced—

"Mr. Crabtree to see you, Sir."

Mr. Crabtree revealed himself as middle-aged and slightly bald. He was clad in a large check suit of a former day. Where he was not bald he was grizzled. He was neither tall nor short, inclined to be abdominally prominent, wore heavy seals on a very yellow chain, and cherished a sentimental and perhaps slightly bibulous eye. He was, above everything, a man of feeling, and, like many of his kind, extremely untidy. He advanced into the room, treading softly in carpet slippers.

"Mr. Marlowe, I presume," he said loftily, addressing Burbage.

"This is Mr. Marlowe," the conductor said.

"Ah, I beg your pardon, Mr.——" He waited.

"Burbage," said Dick.

"Mr. Burbage. Good evening, Mr. Marlowe. My reason for this intrusion is to ask whether your music could not possibly stop

at ten o'clock precisely. At that hour my ideas begin to flow, and the music, although latterly it has been excellent, is, pardon me, rather distracting to a busy professional man. I am fond of music, and, in moderation, it acts as a pleasant stimulus to creative work. But when I begin, it must cease. I usually begin at ten o'clock. Do you think it will be possible to oblige?"

Marlowe invited Mr. Crabtree to sit down.

"Sorry you've been annoyed," he said. "Yes, I think we may quite well start supper at ten. By-the-bye, it's that time now. Won't you stay and have a little bit of something with us, Sir, now you're here?"

"My work, my work!" Mr. Crabtree exclaimed in protest; but in the end he remained.

"Let me introduce the others," Marlowe resumed, taking up the duties of host: "Mr. Burbage you know; Mr. Jonson, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Greene."

"Why, how singular!" Mr. Crabtree began. He checked himself, however, and made a low bow to each of the company. Then he sat down.

"A little musical society, eh?" he said jocosely; "getting up a concert, I suppose?"

"Yes, a little concert," Marlowe answered. "Have a fill?" And he handed the tobacco-jar to the guest.

"Not until after supper, thanks," Mr. Crabtree said graciously; "but then, with pleasure."

Mrs. Vaults returned and began to lay the cloth. It was a lobster-salad night. She smiled when she saw Mr. Crabtree at home with his disturbers. He had told her he was going upstairs to polish them off.

"One would almost have expected you to be a dramatic club," Mr. Crabtree remarked, making conversation.

"Why? How? Do we look stagey?" came from different voices.

"Oh, not at all!" Mr. Crabtree answered politely. "Just a little fancy of mine." Board School boys, he thought. Dear, dear; of course they don't know! To think of such a thing happening in a London lodging-house! I wonder if there are any others. I'll try a chance shot.

"Beaumont and Fletcher not here this evening?" he asked casually.

Burbage replied politely enough, but with a queer glance at the others, that Beaumont had cold and Fletcher mumps. Mr. Crabtree was sorry to hear it.

"Poor old chap," Jonson whispered to Greene, "he's a bit balmy."

Greene nodded. "You've hit it, Ben," he said.

"Oh, I see," Marlowe cried, "why you think we ought to be in the stage line. It's because of Willy, there."

"Is Mr. Shakespeare's name really William?" Mr. Crabtree asked, kindling. "How very remarkable! Warwickshire man—a descendant, perhaps?"

"Not that I know," Shakespeare said. "Born in Tooting. Called William after godfather—not a name in the family. Dad's name's Cecil. Godfather made money in cheese—wholesale; perhaps I'll come in for a bit later on. But God save our gracious godfather; he's a decent old sort. I don't want to see him croak yet awhile."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Sir," Mr. Crabtree commented, beaming. "And what, may I ask, if 'tis a fair question, is the name of your society?"

"The Mermen."

"It ought to be the Mermaids—better still, the Mermaid."

The point was lost. "That would hardly do," Marlowe said, helping Mr. Crabtree liberally to lobster; "Greene, there, would have to shave his gay and giddy moustache. Our tails are enough bother, but the costumier has got over that."

"You appear in costume?" Mr. Crabtree inquired.

"Oh, yes. You see, we mean to do a little entertainment at the seaside when we go for our holidays."

"Very pleasant, very pleasant," Mr. Crabtree sighed dreamily. "Happy young men! It is years since I saw the sea. I am so tied to this wilderness of London. Yes, thank you, just two drops. At my age, one has to be very careful at night. Ah, I used to be a bit of a musician myself—a fair baritone. A neat touch, too, on the

piano. Have I lost it, I wonder? I was much admired in old Mackney's famous song—none of you young fellows remember Mackney. He was great, gentlemen, *great* in—

Just behind the battle, mother,
I am slipping out of view."

"Won't you let us hear it after supper?" Marlowe asked.

"I fear, I fear the ancient skill is dead," Mr. Crabtree murmured diffidently.

When supper was over, however, he was easily persuaded to sit down at the piano, and his singing of Mackney's parody of the drivelling popular ballad of the 'seventies brought down the house. The Mermen patted him on the back. Marlowe poured out another glass of beer.

"I ought really to go back to my work," Mr. Crabtree protested; but he took the beer.

"Of course, gentlemen, you are being well advertised in advance at—?" He paused on the question.

"Blueseas," Burbage said.

"At Bluesea. You have, needless to say, a good agent."

Burbage shook his head. "You see, it doesn't run to that this year. We'll just go out on the sands and strike up."

"It is a pity. At any rate, you must carry a big standard poster—something striking and neatly phrased. It is a branch of the literary art to which I have devoted much attention. If you will allow me, I will retire to my room and compose something, quite as a labour of love. The cost of printing will be trifling—I can arrange all that, and the wooden standard is a mere nothing. I shall return in five minutes."

He bowed and went out.

"Rum old card," Greene said; "but he's right."

"I say, you chaps," Burbage cried, "how would it do to ask him to come along? His 'Just behind the battle' would fetch 'em as a comic relief. And I fancy he knows a lot more good old songs."

"Wait until we see how he shapes with the writing," Marlowe suggested. "But he'd be a sweet old guy with a tail."

"What is it he has up his sleeve about us? There's more in it than merely your name, Willy. He seems to see some hidden meaning in things. I can't make him out."

"Wait for his draft poster," Shakespeare said. "If there's anything it'll come out in the washing."

Punctually to the five minutes, Mr. Crabtree returned with a large sheet of foolscap in his hand. "Listen," he said, putting on a pair of old horn-rimmed spectacles, "and imagine it in big display type."

LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!

FOR THE MERMAID MINSTRELS.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING DAILY.

ALL THE PERFORMERS ARE

DESCENDANTS OF THE GREAT POETS,

SHAKESPEARE, MARLOWE, JONSON, GREENE.

Conductor: MR. RICHARD BURBAGE.

Business Manager: Mr. Horatio CRABTREE.

"That's pretty stunning," Marlowe said; "but it's the Mermen, not the Mermaid."

"It ought to be the Mermaid," Mr. Crabtree said firmly. "Any allusion to the fair sex in a title is always a draw. And there's another and more cogent reason. Be advised."

"But I say, friend," Marlowe continued, "Shakespeare was a poet, of course, although our pleasant Willy"—Mr. Crabtree started, but said nothing—"isn't; but, excuse me, isn't it coming it rather strong to put us all down as potes like that?"

"Not at all, not at all. Kit Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Robert Greene were all famous poets in Elizabeth's time—"

"My Gad! Our Christian names right and all—great folks know each other!" came from the astonished company: "But what about Dick Burbage? Out in the cold, eh, Dickon?"

"Richard Burbage," Mr. Crabtree went on solemnly, "was Shakespeare's manager—"

"Oh, carry me out! 'Old us up!" This from Greene, whose aspirates suffered under the stress of strong emotion.

"And to think of us all meeting to have a bit of supper and some music nice and friendly like! I never! It's the rummiest—"

"Last and least," Mr. Crabtree went on, "I have ventured to add my humble name, printing my Christian appellation in smaller type; for I cannot, alas! claim kinship with the great; but I humbly offer my services to make your enterprise a success. A small fraction of the proceeds will suffice as honorarium. Occasionally, if you see fit, I may contribute one of the dear old songs of other days." Mr. Crabtree wiped his glasses, and heaved a sentimental sigh.

They shook hands upon it, and separated to dream of the shower of gold.

II.

August came round. Little Bluesea had never known such a delirious fortnight. The Mermaid Minstrels, from the moment when Mr. Crabtree hired a loafer to carry the poster to the beach, became an institution. Their tails were the joy of the

small fry; their songs appealed to all classes, to all ages. Old fogeys made a point of being present at the close of the performance, when the business-manager gave a dear old song of other days. They sighed and thought affectionately of the brave times of the Coal-Hole and Jury trials in Leicester Square. The minstrels enjoyed themselves, and looked forward comfortably to the time when they might leave the desk to follow the troubadour's trade for good and all. They loved their aged Mentor better and better with each succeeding sunset. Uncle had such a level head. No extravagance. So much for expenses and pocket-money. The rest to the bank. They blessed the day when fate sent Mr. Crabtree upstairs to polish them off. Without his experience and firm hand they might have "blued it all," as Greene said. Light come, light go.

Crabtree had an all-round success, but his most popular effort remained "Just Behind the Battle, Mother." It was usually in the programme "by request." On the last day he gave it at the afternoon performance. He had to promise it again for the evening. The town meant to give them a glorious send-off. The Mayor and Corporation were coming down to the beach in state. The Mayor had spoken of engaging them for the Pavilion next year.

At the last afternoon concert the ancient drollery of Crabtree's—

I am slipping out of view,

accompanied by his inimitable wink, made everyone long for the evening.

Alas! at eight o'clock Burbage had to announce that, owing to a sudden attack of the gout, their dear old friend could not appear. He sent his love and thanks to all his kind patrons, whom he hoped to meet again another year, if Heaven spared his life.

After that the performance went a little flat. The Minstrels realised as they had never done before that the old man had been their mainstay. Great ancestors who were dead and gone were nothing to one living personality.

"Uncle will be disheartened with the box to-night," Burbage sighed, as they packed up the jigger harmonium and prepared to leave the beach. They made rather a dull procession to the hotel, and sought the old man in his room. It was empty.

"He's felt better and gone down to the bar, poor old cock."

But Uncle was not in the bar. He had been there, the barmaid said, but soon felt so much recovered that he had gone out for a breath of fresh air. That was some time ago. He had not returned.

"Perhaps he's had a fit," Marlowe exclaimed; "we must go out and search for the dear old soul."

But at eleven o'clock Uncle was still missing.

The Descendants were distracted, and informed the police.

Later, an Inspector came round from the office.

"No one at the hospital," he reported, "but we have a clue."

"Not fallen over the cliffs?" Burbage asked anxiously.

"Oh, no," the officer said, smiling. He hesitated, and then continued diffidently, "I suppose it's all right, gentlemen, but long experience makes me ask one question—is everything correct?"

"Of course," Burbage said. "What do you mean, Inspector? Uncle's the best old chap in the world."

"He was your treasurer?"

"To be sure. Why, you don't think— Oh, I say, but it must be all right. This is our last day, you see, and we leave early to-morrow, so just before lunch he went round to the bank and got a draft payable in London. It was in his pocket-book. He showed it to me at lunch-time."

"To whom was it payable?" the officer asked.

"Why, to Uncle, to be sure."

"Then I'm sorry to tell you, gentlemen, that on inquiry at the railway station as I came along here, I learned that Mr. Crabtree took the last train to town. I wired to Victoria to have him watched and followed, but he must have left the train by the way. There was no trace of him at the London end. I fear you have been done. We are, of course, making every effort in our power, but I fear—"

"Stop the draft—call on the bank-manager!" Marlowe cried. "The— the old fox will be done in the eye, after all!"

"Unfortunately for you, gentlemen, that's impossible. I've already called on the bank-cashier. He tells me that, just after lunch, on his way down to the afternoon performance, Mr. Crabtree looked in again at the bank and said, on second thoughts, he'd have notes and gold."

The Mermaid Minstrels sat late in gloomy conclave. The last collection would not pay their hotel bill. The Mayor, on whom they called next morning, was not sympathetic. Crime and scandals were bad for the town. No public aid was possible.

Finally, Willy Shakespeare wired to his godfather, the wholesale cheesemonger, a man of bowels, who took compassion on the stranded company.

"He's better than a thousand dead and dried-up old poets," his godson said fervently, "and the name of William is not in the family. We'd no business to—"

"Shut up!" said Burbage sternly, a disciplinarian to the end.

Monday morning saw them again at their desks. They are likely to remain City clerks for some time to come.

Of Uncle there is still no tidings.

THE END

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

IN the past week or two I have been invited on more than one occasion to take part in party meetings convened to give public discussion to various schemes of Small Holdings and Agricultural Reform, and have been struck by the extraordinary preponderance of theoretical over practical knowledge that was shown. There is a strange lack of knowledge of the prime causes of agricultural depression. During the winter, when shooting is in season, I travel across a large expanse of country, and at this time of year do a considerable amount of driving, past farms of every description. Consequently I am enabled to study the farmer's activity at every season of the year, whether his work at the moment be ploughing, mending, dressing, sowing, hoeing, reaping, or stacking. Whatever the task, I am struck by the comparative inadequacy of the means employed.

A return of the labour-saving appliances in use on small farms would make very interesting reading; it would be found, I think, that the most of the implements employed have long been out of date, and that the farmer has not heard of their successors. In the case of the men who know that a heavy wooden plough and the constant use of the hand-hoe, for example, are old-fashioned, you hear that times are too bad to permit modern implements to be purchased. I have seen hay cut with the scythe within fifty miles of London, and corn cut without the aid of a self-binder; while twenty-acre fields were manured by hand labour. Our Colonial cousins, with practically virgin soil to aid them, would laugh such methods to scorn; but when the English farmer tells you in one breath that he can afford nothing better, and in another that he cannot find a proper supply of labour, the disabilities of our countryside hardly need to be further insisted upon.

Curiously enough, the co-operative principle has been overlooked in England, though it flourishes in the sister island. The work done by modern machinery is so prompt, efficacious, and economical that if farmers in a district would but combine, they might obtain great results from small expenditure. The most important machinery of the farm consists of modern ploughs and chain-harrows, with cultivators, horse-hoes, corn-drills, seed-drills, distributors, swathe-turners, horse and sweep rakes, loaders and elevators. To have a complete set of these would cost hundreds of pounds; but if farmers in any neighbourhood would combine so that each possessed one and would lend it in return for the use of the others, a great problem might be solved. Questions of precedence would arise, but they might be settled, as in many parts of Ireland, by drawing lots, and those

who drew a late number might, if need be, rely upon the older-fashioned methods. I have never bought any agricultural machinery upon the hire system, but I suppose there are firms enterprising enough to sell on these terms, and insurance companies quite ready to take any risks that might result.

Another practical scheme that calls for far more attention than it is receiving just now is cottage-building. In a village within a few miles of my home I know of several engaged couples who cannot marry because they cannot find an empty cottage anywhere. In one case the man, a fine sturdy fellow, whom the countryside requires both as a worker and as a father of a generation yet to come, has gone up to London to look for work there. It is more than likely that he will never return. The small farmers recognise the evil, but can do nothing to remove it, for even in the parts where building regulations are more honoured in the breach than in the observance, you cannot put

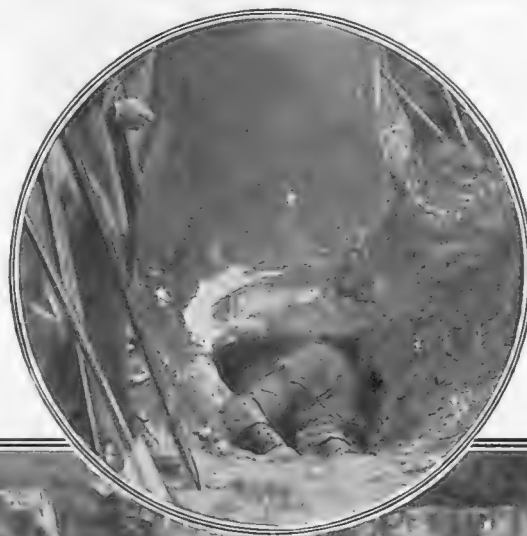
up a couple of suitable cottages for less than two hundred and fifty pounds, and you would then be left to keep them in repair in return for a total rent that would certainly not exceed eight pounds a year. Building material and skilled labour cost much more than they did a few years ago; while, on account of agricultural depression, many cottages that were built in the times of the Stuarts have at last succumbed.

The ubiquitous "week-end" is another force against which the farmer must fight. When there is a pretty cottage to be let, the "week-end"

will pay ten pounds a year for the place; the agricultural labourer cannot pay more than a couple of shillings a week. The "foreigner," as he will be called by the villagers, will improve the property; the agricultural labourer won't; so naturally the "foreigner" gets it. The landlord may be some struggling tradesman to whom the few extra pounds mean a great deal; it is hardly reasonable to expect him to stop to consider the larger aspects of the case. I know one or two landlords who will only let their cottages to labourers; but then, they are without exception wealthy landowners. You may take it as a general rule that where the "week-end" who runs a cottage in the country did not build it for himself, he is dispossessing some family whose services the country needs. In the case of the bigger cottages and the house on some "off-hand" farm, he may be ousting two families, for it is still the custom to divide up these houses that the farmer does not require,

MARK OVER.

ONE OF THE COMPETITORS ENTERING A BADGER'S BURROW.



LISTENING, WITH EAR TO THE FIGHTING OF DOG

GROUND, FOR SOUND OF THE AND BADGER.



A COMPETITOR LEAVING A BADGER'S BURROW.

DRAWING THE BADGER: SCENES DURING THE COMPETITION AT FERTÉ-ALAI, IN FRANCE.

The photographs were taken during a competition held by the St. Hubert Club de France. Some of the competitors crept down the badger's burrow, which was only just large enough for a man to squeeze through, to a depth of eight or ten yards. This is a very difficult and dangerous operation, which few attempt.

Photographs by General Illustrations Agency.

to give one part to a labourer whose wife looks after the poultry, and another to the horseman who can take advantage of the stabling and out-buildings.



By HENRY LEACH.

Mr. John Ball. It is estimated that of the world as a general thing there are seven wonders, but of golf there are only four. One of these is St. Andrews, a second is the triumvirate (meaning Braid, Harry Vardon, and Taylor), the third is the rubber-cored ball, and the fourth is Mr. John Ball of Hoylake. I am disposed at this present juncture to say that the last-named is the greatest wonder of them all. He has won the Open Championship once, he has been the holder of both that and the Amateur Championship in the same year, which no other man ever has, and he has won the Amateur Championship seven times; while the best that the greatest of others has ever done in this way is to win twice. Mr. John's seventh championship was achieved on his home course at Hoylake a few days ago, when he was forty-six years of age, and we who saw him win it marvelled exceedingly, for we knew that there was no other, young or old, who could play match golf and win championships like that. And though one other man once won a championship when he was past fifty, Mr. John will beat that

record yet, for he really seems to be getting better and better, and his eighth and ninth championships are still to come. Truly he is a wonder. He won this last championship by superb play when it was most wanted, and by a grim steadiness that wore down all his opponents one after the other. Mr. Pease almost looked like beating him once, but Mr. John rattled three threes into him at the first three holes after the turn, and that settled him. Mr. Harris scored a great advantage over him at the start, but Mr. Ball polished him off at the nineteenth hole. I had a momentary fear for him at this nineteenth hole,

JOHN HASKINS PLAYING:
THE FAR-AWAY STANCE
FOR A DRIVE.

Photograph by Topical.

because I remembered that, many long years ago, it was at a nineteenth that he was thwarted for the time being in a great ambition, that being when, at St. Andrews in 1895, Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville beat him at it in the final, and so delayed the time when the great Hoylaker should win the highest honour at the Mecca of the game. But he did that later—in 1907.

A Wonderful Record.

Fancy—he won his first championship in 1888, and he is a better player now than he was then; but he would not have won this championship, and would not be playing as he is, if he had not begun at Hoylake as a child and had not played all his life. It is to the credit of the game that you may keep on at your best like this nearly all your life. In his early days he was famous for being a most beautiful driver. His ball started low and had a beautiful

flight, with a little pull at the end of it, and it always seemed that he had a wonderful amount of control over it. His first big match was played against Douglas Rolland, one

of the longest drivers ever seen, and it was noticed then that Mr. Ball was, on the whole, getting as far as he was from the tee. His driving is, perhaps, not quite as long as it used to be, allowing for the rubber-cored ball; but it is still very long and wonderfully straight. His opponent in the final at Hoylake had been out-driving all others all the week, but Mr. Ball out-drove him at last. He still retains that very unorthodox manner of gripping his club—in the palm of his right hand, instead of in the fingers, as with most people. In all departments of the game his play is a sight to see and think upon afterwards. I have just been getting out some statistics concerning him, and find that he has now played in the amateur championship twenty-three times, has won seven times, and in the course of those twenty-three tournaments has taken part in ninety-five matches, of which he has won seventy-nine. There is a match-player for you! And, of course, he has won many other things, including the Irish Championship three times, the St. George's Vase four times, and medals by the score.

A Good "Sport."

He is worth them all, for he is a great sportsman, and the most modest man alive, who takes all these things just as incidents of a life that he wishes to be as quiet as possible. The morning after he won his last championship he was out by half-past seven, and the first thing he did was to feed his chickens! I said he is a great sportsman. Some had it that at the beginning of the last championship, when it seemed likely that he and Mr. Maxwell would meet in the second round—which they did not, because the latter was beaten before that—he murmured that he was sorry that it might be that they would come together, for Mr. Maxwell had been having considerably the better of him in the international matches. But I happen to know that Mr. John strongly desired the meeting. Not the man is he to fear another match, even if it did cost him a championship; and who is going to say it would have done? He is sportsman enough for anything. Three winters back he made a wager, so it is said, that he would go round Hoylake in less than ninety strokes one day when the course was enveloped in fog, would not lose a ball, and would do the round in two and a quarter hours. He played with a black ball, won the wager, and his score was eighty-one. It is marvellous!



THE ONE-ARMED GOLFER OF AMERICA WHO HAS CHALLENGED A ONE-ARMED GOLFER OF ENGLAND: WILLIAM DICKINSON, OF LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS.

William Dickinson has challenged John Haskins to meet him in a contest for the one-armed golf championship of the world. Mr. Dickinson, who is a stockbroker's clerk, stipulates that the proposed match shall be played over the Onwentsia Course.

Photograph by Topical.



A ONE-ARMED GOLFER OF ENGLAND WHO HAS BEEN CHALLENGED BY A ONE-ARMED GOLFER OF AMERICA: JOHN HASKINS—A CLEEK SHOT.

Haskins is said to have made the Hoylake Course in 78.

Photograph by Topical.



JOHN HASKINS PLAYING:
THE END OF THE SWING
FOR A DRIVE.

Photograph by Topical.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Motor-Bus Progress.

Notwithstanding the undoubted progress noticeable to-day in motor-omnibuses in the streets of London, both the public and others even more intimately concerned will admit that there is still a vast amount of room for improvement. Although now fairly reliable, the average motor-'bus, as it runs, is cumbersome, noisy, dirty, and none too comfortable. The motor-omnibus companies run for profit, and cannot be expected to embark in expensive experiments for the benefit of the public, although, to do them justice, it is their practice which is responsible for such improvement as obtains at present. But in view of the speedy and luxurious vehicle exhibited last week to a party of experts by the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry, the last word is very far from having been said in the matter of motor-'bus construction as seen in those already on the road.

The Daimler Innovation.

The Daimler Motor Company proved that they had the courage of their opinions when, in the face of a torrent of adverse criticism and doubt, they espoused the Silent Knight engine for weal or woe. How much weal and how much woe, their next balance-sheet will demonstrate to their critics. Their success with this new type of engine is sufficient to engender confidence in any fresh departure they may herald. Therefore the public will not regard the new Daimler motor-'bus as an untried experiment, but, by the light of previous experience, will receive it as *un fait accompli*. It is a revolution both in construction and propulsion. The chassis and body as two units of various materials have disappeared, and have become one, both frame and body being formed out of sheet steel in a manner to make a hollow form of girder. The propelling units are no longer in front and beneath the floor of the vehicle. They have become units which can be detached from and attached to the sides of the body with great celerity.

Detachable Power Units.

The two power units consist each of a four-cylinder, 12-h.p. Silent Knight engine, together with a dynamotor on an extension of the crank-shaft, with direct drive through a universally jointed propeller-shaft to worm-gearing on the road-wheels. These power units are secured to the sheet-steel frame under the top horizontal webs, or seat-line, and do not project beyond the mean width of the vehicle. The system partakes of the character of the combined petrol and electric-drive, known as *petrole-mixte*, the dynamotors aiding the Knight engines when necessary, and charging the accumulators when the power developed by the

engines is more than sufficient to propel the omnibus. All the hard, exhausting control work and speed-changing have vanished, the driver having merely to manipulate two levers—one petrol-throttle, and one electric—set on the steering-wheel. Owing to pivotal steering, the direction is perfectly easy; and while front-wheel brakes and a magnetic brake are provided, these are seldom needed, as the charging of the accumulators affords all the necessary retardation on descents of average gradient. By all who have seen and ridden in it the new Daimler Motor Omnibus is admitted to be a revelation.



A FALL DURING THE SCOTTISH SIX DAYS' OPEN RELIABILITY TRIAL FOR MOTOR-CYCLES: R. A. MACMILLAN AND HIS 5-H.P. BAT.

Class Taxation Unfair. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders propose once again to appeal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of motor taxation. They propose to approach the Minister on the subject of taxation by unit of horse-power rather than by class, which method he would surely have adopted had he been properly advised by the unofficial representatives of automobilism with whom he discussed the matter. By a referendum of the members of the Autocar League, taken some time since, it was made plain that motorists as a body considered this the most equitable manner of apportioning this unfair and oppressive taxation, for it is evident that the class arrangement bears very hardly upon the lower grades of each class. A cursory glance at the simple and excellent tax-table published by the *Autocar* last Friday shows at once the absurd inequalities of the class system.

Marvellous Motor-Cycling.

Motorists who are car-men pure and simple are inclined to look askance upon the lowly motor-cycle, and maybe to feel a shade or two of annoyance at the way these insignificant and explosive machines

flit by even high-powered cars up hill. But if the car-owner will descend awhile from his high estate he will find a world of interest in the mechanism and potentiality of the motor-bicycle, to say nothing of discovering a following larger than his own, and three times as enthusiastic. One has only to study the published accounts of the International Auto-Cycle Tourist Trophy Race, which took place on May 26 last in the Isle of Man. The digested figures, which are given in great detail in the *R.A.C. Journal* of June 2, are full of interest. Of the eighty-three entries, only eleven were absent from the starting-post,



ON THE HILL SEVERAL DECIDED TO BE ILL-NAMED: J. T. WOOD, RIDING A 3½-H.P. ZENITH GRADNA, COMES TO GROUND DURING THE REST-AND-BE-THANKFUL HILL CLIMB.

Photographs by Topical.

and twenty-nine finished a most arduous course of some 150 miles. Curiously enough, two brothers finished first and second on two 5-h.p. Matchless motor-cycles, averaging over fifty and over forty-nine miles per hour respectively.

[Continued on a later page]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Ascot.

I do not think the neighbourhood of Ascot ever looked better than it does at the present time. The rhododendrons are out earlier than usual this year, and the consequence is that the profusion of bloom on the lawn and at the back of the Royal Stand is marvellous to gaze upon. The dark dresses of the ladies this year do not add to the beauty of the scene, but it is a remarkable fact that the majority of women look well in black. The general public have at last decided to go to Ascot, and the cheap ring is certain to be crowded each day of the meeting. The Royal Hunt Cup will produce a race worth going a long way to see, and it is just on the cards that the winner will turn out to be a dark horse that has been specially saved for this race. My final will be found in another column. The Ascot Gold Cup will be contested by some of the best horses in training, and the Wokingham Stakes should yield well. Mr. Clements, the genial Clerk of the Course, has the arrangements positively perfect, and it should not be possible to find fault anywhere. Motorists are warned against exceeding the limit on the way down and back, as the police are determined to stop scorching, and I do not blame them. If twenty miles an hour is not fast enough to travel to and from a race meeting, motorists should be made to stay at home or go by rail.

The last of the classics will be run at Don-

caster on Sept. 7, and it may be as well to bear in mind that the distance of the race is about 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards, or, roughly speaking, 15 furlongs. It will be remembered that last year Bayardo won very easily, after having suffered defeat both in the Derby and the Two Thousand Guineas. It is highly probable that the race will again go to the Manton stable this year, as Alec Taylor has Lemberg, owned by Mr. Fairie, and Maid of Corinth and Rosedrop, owned by Sir W. Bass, engaged. The last-named, I take it, will be the best of this lot, as she won the Oaks like a real stayer; but her time was not quite so good as that of Lemberg in the Derby, though it must be added that Rosedrop had little or nothing to do in her race. I hardly know what to say about Neil Gow. Lord Rosebery's colt disappointed me much

at Epsom. He was either injured by curb, or he ran sourly, and positively declined to do his best. I cannot admit that Neil Gow is a non-stayer. I still believe he is best at any distance over a mile, and it may be that the Town Moor will suit his action much better than the Epsom gradients did. Anyway, I should expect him to do much better at Doncaster than he did in the Derby, and if he were to win outright I, for one, should not be in the least surprised. Ulster King, Greenback, and Charles O'Malley will also have to be reckoned with, and if Ulster King is the best of Lewis's pair he may be dangerous. It looks now as though Lemberg would easily win the Grand Prix.

Starting Prices. Very many speculators

grumble at the prices offered by the little bookmakers on the course, and they prefer to do business away at S.P. Over on the hill at Epsom, for instance, the pinched prices were something to talk about, and no backer over there got more than even money about Greenback for a place in the Derby, or 2 to 1 about Charles O'Malley. But in Tattersall's ring the offers against the candidates were extremely liberal, and, if the figures are analysed, it will be seen they represent the grand profit of a fraction over one and a half per cent., even assuming every horse in the race was proportionately backed. This profit is supposed to cover large expenses, to say nothing of bad debts, and the man who does much business on credit is indeed lucky if such per-

centage be not nullified on that score alone. The ring charges are very heavy, while the tictac men and runners have to be paid regular wages. On the other hand, the Pari-Mutuel, which is worked on the course at free and open meetings, costs nothing in the matter of expenses, and, what is more, there are no bad debts to be provided against. It is supposed, too, to bring in a certain 10 per cent. profit, which compares very favourably with that gained by ordinary bookmakers. I think, sooner or later, the Tote will become more generally employed in this country, but it will not answer the purposes of those owners who have big coups to engineer.



MRS. A. J. WALMSLEY.



MRS. JAMES MOSS.



MISS PREECE.

LADIES SEEN AT THE OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW.

Photographs by Sport and General.



THE MOST FAMOUS BOY JOCKEY AND HIS SISTER: FRANK WOOTTON AND MISS WOOTTON.

Photograph by Central News.



MRS. SMITH.



MRS. POTTER.



MISS CHAPMAN.



MRS. GREENE.

LADIES SEEN AT THE OLYMPIA HORSE SHOW.

Photographs by Sport and General.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Season Without Parties.

Not a doubt of it but there is something attractive—not to say restful—about a London season without parties. One begins to wonder, seeing how agreeably we can dispense with them, why we ever give overcrowded entertainments in June at all. For whose pleasure, indeed,

are parties given in the season? The grown-ups entertain a natural hostility to balls; and the young girls, dragged about by their mothers to concerts and routs, often look pictures of woe at gatherings where they know no one, and to which few of their boy contemporaries ever put in what is called “an appearance.”

If we were sensible, we should only give necessary dinners in midsummer, and devote the rest of the season to out-of-door entertainments. The time for dancing in hot rooms, for gymnastics on crowded staircases, is obviously the winter, and yet we waste our short and precious summer months pushing about in stifling rooms, in getting hot and fatigued in the least hygienic manner possible.

In the days before the shooting of grouse, partridges,

(Copyright.)
A HALF-MOURNING BLOUSE OF BLACK NET, STUDDED WITH JET, WITH A WHITE-LACE VEST AND UNDER-SLEEVES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

and pheasants partook of the character of a sacred rite, this agreeable plan was pursued, and the great folk spent their winters and springs in London, and the summer solstice at their country seats, just as the Romans did, whose civilisation we have so closely copied. Now that most people own a country cottage at least, the advantage of going back to a more sensible arrangement of our gaieties is not only obvious, but feasible.

Meek, But Not Lowly.

It has been pertinently said that the autobiography of a dustman or a charwoman, set down truthfully and without irrelevancies, would be enthralling reading. So it is with the memoirs of George Meek, bath-chairman, whom Mr. H. G. Wells has discovered and sent forth to the world with an introduction from his pen. This book is engrossing because you feel it to be true—*une tranche de vérité vraie*, as the formula of the Goncourts has it. Here in England we are at last tiring of the literary convention, of the cant and hypocrisy which the novelist of the last hundred years has been obliged to employ did he wish to set up as a fiction-monger. I do not know if Mr. Meek, hauler of invalids at Eastbourne, wrote his book “off his own bat,” as he would say, but it wears none of the signs of the literary hack, and so sincerely is the story told that you take a curious interest in all his proceedings, his silly, ineffective loves, his squabbles with bar-tenders, even a description of the meagre meals which were his portion as a boy. Moreover, the conventions of caste, of occupation, are rent asunder when one reads this strange volume. Most of us, I know not on what ground, regard a bath-chairman as a person of lowly spirit, who leads a blameless life, and envisages the human comedy from a detached and immaterial standpoint; yet it is obvious from this candid autobiography that the seedy black coat of the

individual who hauls one, convalescent, along the parade may cover the most tumultuous emotions, the fieriest passions, and the most human aspirations.

Alluring London.

Someone has recently been calumniating London by declaring that “it is depressing because it is not a place at all, but only a collection of houses.” But, even if this were true, what an amazing collection of houses it is, not only in number, but in the associations which cling about them. You must have small imagination if you can remain quite unmoved at the spectacle of the Temple, of St. James's Palace, of Adelphi Terrace, of Whitehall, of St. James's Square. There is hardly another great capital which has retained so much of its illustrious past. Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Munich are puking babes in comparison; and Paris has been so lamentably Haussmannised as to have lost its special Gallic character, except in those adorable old mansions on the other side of the Seine. London is assuredly one of the most alluring cities in Europe, and it must be a person of blunted sensibilities who fails to fall under her spell.

“The Play's the Thing!”

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, herself a writer of dramas, pleads, in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, for cheap and good theatres for the poor. Struck by the fact that innumerable ragged boys and girls, if they have a penny to spend, will always purchase therewith a ticket for a music-hall, Mrs. Lyttelton thinks that the State should provide, or subsidise, some kind of theatrical entertainment which would be more edifying for the young. The theatre has once more become, as it was in the spacious days of Elizabeth, a national passion, a form of entertainment which few can do without. With no Marlowes, Websters, or Shakespeares to raise our drama to splendid poetry, we have hundreds of theatres run on commercial lines, appealing, both in the West End and in the East End, to the very average man in the stalls, or “lady” in the gallery. Now if the State endowed the theatre, we should presumably see, in such a playhouse, the more actable works of Shakespeare. But as, in “practical” England, there is not the remotest chance of Government undertaking any such educational scheme, it must be left to dilettanti and enthusiasts to bring the thing to an issue. In various parts of England the village play is being organised. Why should not some over-rich person set about encouraging the “legitimate” theatre in Hoxton and Camden Town, in Shoreditch and in Bermondsey? Gifted amateurs might set the ball rolling, while, with care and patience, local actors and actresses of talent would be found and trained. The scenery and dresses might be of the simplest, and the prices of admission would be nominal.



(Copyright.)
A COAT AND SKIRT OF CÔTES DE CHEVAL, TO BE HAD IN VARIOUS COLOURS, FOR HALF-MOURNING OR OTHERWISE, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, 51, NEW BOND STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-About-Town” page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

All-White Weddings.

Last week we had a succession of all-white weddings. They were so successful that it will not be surprising if they become a fashion. Viscountess Maidstone's bridesmaids wore wreaths of her name-flower, and long, depending tulle veils, instead of hats. Viscountess Wolmer's bridesmaids wore with their soft white satin frocks, trimmed with lace and silver embroidery, large white hats trimmed with black tulle, the wee' girlyies wearing lace caps. Miss Mildred Carter, who is to be married to Viscount Acheson on Tuesday next, will have seven bridesmaids and two pages—quite an Anglo-American following: Lady Theo Acheson, the bridegroom's sister; Lady Victoria Stanley, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Derby, his cousin; the Hon. Rhoda Astley, sister of Lord Hastings; Mlle. Irene de Lagrande, cousin of the bride, daughter of Baron and Baroness Louis de Lagrande; Miss Camilla Morgan, cousin of the bride; Miss Elsie Nicoll, her intimate friend; and Miss Diana Roberts, daughter of Mrs. Marshall Roberts. There are two little boys as pages—Master David Stanley, son of Captain the Hon. Frederick and Lady Alexandra Stanley, and Master Julian Ward, son of the Hon. Robert and Lady Mary Ward, both nephews of the bridegroom. This will be a white wedding, too, though there may be a touch of pale mauve, as it comes within the period of Court mourning.

Ascot without Colour.

No bright colour anywhere. There have been white Ascots and grey and mauve Ascots, but a black Ascot I do not remember—an all-black one. That is what we are having this year. In the Royal Enclosure Court mourning must be worn throughout the week. On Friday it may be lightened in the stand, boxes, and stalls. The effect will be very curious at the historic heath.

Not Washington, but Washable.

The White House in New Bond Street is where one can get the daintiest and most delightful things in linen and lingerie at the prices that appeal to everybody—strictly moderate. On "Woman's Ways" page our Artist has drawn a coat and skirt made at this establishment. It is of a material called *côtes de cheval*. It is cool and pretty, and has weight enough to make it sit well and hang well. This particular coat and skirt costs eight and a half guineas. It can, however, be done in linen for four and a half. It is in black-and-white, grey-and-white, mauve-and-white, all suitable for the half-mourning into which we change on Friday. Then it can be had also in many colours which we can wear next month. There are cool, fresh, and dressy frocks of creamy white, finest point d'esprit, embroidered in a raised design, very effective and handsome. Blouses, too, of the most charming are there at all prices, and so pretty. One of finest Ninon is made with innumerable tucks and fine hem-stitching and daintily frilled collar and cuffs. A specialty is the handsomest of table-linen, made for a round table with the leaves in. Embroidered tray-cloths of all sizes and many shapes, the embroidery in a variety of designs, are extraordinarily cheap. Most convenient for men as well as for women are the sets of handkerchiefs, with any combination of double monogram very finely embroidered. These are in three qualities.

Age and Beauty.

This is not to advocate the loveliness of human old age, because it has been banished from the list of our modern accomplishments. We do not know how to grow old. Where age and beauty meet is in the artistic and really beautiful survivals of long ago. Few people realise what a treasury of these is

to be found at Mortlock's Old Pottery Galleries, Oxford Street and Orchard Street. These are genuine antiques too. The firm is an old one, and the members of it have had the true *flair* for collecting. There are quantities of old engravings and coloured prints, and fine old pottery. Some Solon vases they are now showing are very rare; the figures are actually raised on the glaze by brush-work, and the effect is that of finest cameo. The man who made them was in the Sèvres works, and is still living, but not working. There is pottery and china of all kinds, and every kind of antique, which purchasers at Mortlock's can be quite sure are genuine. The jug and basin actually used by Napoleon at St. Helena are there. They were, I believe, acquired by the grandfather of the present head of the firm.



A GOLF TROPHY FOR MOTORISTS: THE HEDGES-BUTLER GOLF CHALLENGE SHIELD FOR MEMBERS OF THE R.A.C. Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, the famous aeronaut and traveller, has presented this shield for competition among members of the Royal Automobile Club, of which he is the first honorary treasurer. The contest is to take place at Stoke Poges on Tuesday (the 21st.) Had Gray but been a prophet as well as a poet, he would have inserted a golfing stanza in his Elegy, which was written at Stoke Poges—"The paths of glory lead but to the—green!"

Charteris, the Hon. Irene Lawley, the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, the Hon. Mary Vesey, the Hon. Frances Lyttelton, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith are some of the lady masquers. Mrs. Godfrey Baring (who is a daughter of the Countess of Verulam) and Mr. Godfrey Baring (Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight and a kinsman of Lord Grenfell, Lord Revelstoke, and Lord Cromer) lent their house in Queen's Gate for a meeting in support of the National Memorial Shakespeare Theatre, to which the profits of the Masque will go. Sir John Hare presided, and Mr. Forbes Robertson spoke. He made us all feel ashamed that we have not a subsidised National Theatre. So we are going to work now to get one.

On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a black-net blouse studded with jet, which is relieved with a white-lace vest and under-sleeves.

Prime Polish.

There is nothing like Ronuk for brightening life: now that we are so hygienic and refuse to harbour microbes, our floors must shine. So successfully does the Ronuk Company make them do so that the demand for their services has vastly increased. To meet it they have opened a West-End branch at 16, South Molton Street, where specimens of their work can be seen—flooring and panelling have been treated by the staff and look remarkably well. A sanitary floor-polish is a new specialty which has found much favour with directors of art galleries and owners of private mansions. The Company now contract to keep floors in order and to do the initial preparation of them.



A DIAMOND CORSAGE ORNAMENT AND FESTOON OF PEARLS, MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY, 143, REGENT STREET, W.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 27.

WHO BUYS CONSOLS?

DON'T all of you get up and shout, "We do!" because we simply shouldn't believe it. The man in the street—in our Street, anyway—turns up his nose at Consols except when they are left him by way of legacy, in which case he sells them and buys a motor-car, or another length of garden-hose, or something of that kind, according to the amount of which he is the bloated beneficiary. He sells them. There's the point. (We didn't.) Nearly all the orders in comparatively small sums—and in Consols we think, of course, in hundred thousands, omitting the last three o's—are to sell. Yet the price did go up, even though the Government left off buying. (These Free Traders stick at nothing.) Who buys Consols? It must be—it *must* be—those discount houses, money-brokers, banks, and other pawnshops; possibly a few capitalists who can't stand Lloyd George—we mean the land taxes. They tell you in the market that Consols will go down again—sag away like a dog with its tail between its legs. Sell Consols? No, Archibald, certainly not! They're going better, Archibald.

ON YANKEES.

To glance back at the Wall Street scare of a fortnight ago is to rekindle admiration—let us, at all events, be polite—at the manner of the way in which it was worked by the "bosses over there." At the same time, the close observer of American railroad conditions is fain to admit that there are factors in the situation which do not make for increased confidence in the market, and the worst of it is that those factors show a disquieting tendency to multiply rather than to lessen. Manifestly, there is a great deal of industrial restlessness in the United States, and to this the steady rise in the price of living contributes an ever-growing pile of fuel. Occasional sparks are emitted, but the real article has yet to make itself felt; and when the conflagration does come, it will mean trouble for proprietors of American Railroad securities. It may be years before the fire bursts out, but operators in Yankees are closely watching the signs in the labour market. Mr. Roosevelt's re-election to the Presidency is another thing which will do the market no good; but here the danger is too far off for it to do present damage to prices. For a jobbing market, in which to buy on flat days and sell on good ones, Yankees are admirably suited, but the investor should not venture far in until things in general settle down more comfortably.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"You can say what you like," declared The Broker, "but my own feeling is that we are in for the annual summer dullness, worse luck."

"Lasting till—?"

"End of September, perhaps. With sporadic rises and falls between then and now."

"Sporadic, Brokie?"

"Spasmodic, if you prefer it. I am indifferent. The precise use of words was never one of my pet vices."

"But money is not dear," The Banker protested.

"It's dear enough in our place," replied The Broker.

"Yes. And why? Because there's a stale bull account," said The City Editor.

Both the House men assented, rather weakly, we thought.

"There is surely adequate justification for cheerfulness as regards gilt-edged securities," pursued The Banker.

"A stale bull account blankets everything," The Broker lamented. "And it's just what the Home Railway Market is suffering from at this present moment."

"I," The City Editor began, "was going to say—"

"Then change your mind," The Jobber advised him.

"—to say that Home Railway stocks look rather attractive."

"Is that all you were going to say?" inquired The Jobber. "Because, if it was, I don't—"

The Merchant remarked that a bull account might prevent Home Rails from rising, but that a bear account had proved a blessing in the Rubber Market.

"Ay, there's the rubber," misquoted The Jobber. "It amuses me to hear the papers talk of public investment, outside support, and all that kind of stuff. It's bears, my boy, bears that are bucking up rubber."

"Not altogether, though," The Merchant stated. "Now, I know one little syndicate, for example—" and he dropped his voice to a key as confidential as the information.

"And there is more of that kind of thing going on than meets the eye," he added.

"Well," said The Engineer, "if that's the case, of course we may see the Rubber Market keep good for some time to come," and the others nodded acquiescence with his view.

"It's West Africans that I don't like," cried The Broker, turning with needless ferocity upon the last speaker; "West Africans are a rotten market than—"

"Oh, no," deprecated The Engineer, "not so rotten as the

Penny Bazaar rubbers, if that's what you mean." And all the others laughed.

"There's this to remember about West Africans," he went on. "All the properties proved more or less disappointing in the upper levels. It wasn't until the sinking had gone a long way down that the Banket Companies of the Jungle did any good for themselves or their shareholders."

"Same old story. All got to go on hoping"—and The Broker's tone was ringed with satire—"and some day, I suppose, it will be blazing good!"

"Indeed, and it will"—and The Engineer spoke with conviction. "But if you will go dashing into any market where there's a manufactured boom going on you're bound to lose money."

"Do you Stock Exchange men speculate much?" The Merchant calmly asked The Jobber, who groaned.

"Speculate much?" he echoed. "Why, how d'you suppose the rest of us would live if the others didn't speculate a tolerable amount?"

"It's an odd thing," ruminated The Broker, "though I've heard other men say the same; I can't speculate and look after my business at the same time."

"Said you were pretty slack, didn't you, Brokie?"

The Banker appeared interested. "I cannot quite see why you should not be able to," he told The Broker.

The latter confessed it was folly, "but," said he, "there it is. I am daily becoming more and more convinced that for the really busy man speculation is an absolute mistake."

"But what shall he do with his money?" asked The Merchant.

"The really busy man whom I am thinking of will do best to buy sound $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. stocks, not bothering about a possible rise or fall of 20 per cent. in prices, and give himself up thoroughly to the conduct of his business. He will make more money in that way than by dabbling in Rubber, or Oil, or Yankees, or what-not."

"I should like to run a bear of what-not," commenced The Jobber; but The City Editor deftly turned the conversation into another direction by asking—

"Isn't it right to let people buy Broken Hill shares?"

The Broker cautiously assented. "A good deal depends upon the price of lead, you know."

"I know, but it looks as if lead might improve, and—"

"North Broken Hills are my own favourite," added The Broker.

"You may have to take them up and put them away for a few months, but I believe there's a good profit in them for a man with patience."

"If Kaffirs woke up, all the rest of the Mining Markets would be nowhere," said The Jobber emphatically.

"Not much chance of that at present, surely?" queried The Engineer.

"Doesn't look like it, I know," The Jobber agreed. "The dividends this month might give them a flip-up, though."

"Prices have got to go down a bit more before they can attract the public," remarked The City Editor.

"Don't believe it," was the polite retort. "If the wirepullers wanted to see them better, up we should all go."

"Would you now?" and The City Editor tried to look sympathetic. "Well, we should be awfully sorry to lose you before your time, but of course —!"

THE DOOARS TEA COMPANY.

These shares have nearly doubled in price since I last referred to them on this page. The rise has not been due so much to any great change in the Company's earnings and prospects as to a growing appreciation by the public of the strong position of the tea-growing industry generally. It is true that the dividend has been raised to 50s. per share, but for the three years before the dividend had been 40s., so that this alone would not account for the advance. Even at their present price, however, the shares return about 7 per cent., so that they cannot be called overvalued. The profits, dividend, and amounts carried to reserve for the past four years have been—

| | Net profit. | Dividend. | Carried to reserve. |
|---------|-------------|-----------|---------------------|
| 1906 .. | £51,443 | 40s. .. | £15,000 |
| 1907 .. | £51,480 | 40s. .. | £15,000 |
| 1908 .. | £45,434 | 40s. .. | £10,000 |
| 1909 .. | £58,551 | 50s. .. | £10,000 |

The reserve fund now amounts to £110,000, and a portion of this has been invested in Rubber shares, which are likely to add materially to the Company's profits in future years. Six thousand shares of £1 each were acquired at par in the Oriental Rubber Company, on whose estates tapping will commence in September, and a satisfactory dividend is expected for 1911. Oriental Rubber shares stand at £5; 20,000 shares of £1 each, 5s. paid, have also been bought in the British Malay Rubber Company, which is under the same management as the Oriental Company. These shares stand at $\frac{1}{2}$ premium. In his speech on the 9th inst. the Chairman remarked, with regard to these investments; "The Board are satisfied that the investment of £26,000 out of the reserve in these two Rubber propositions is a sound, business-like proceeding, and they have every confidence of their holdings in these rubber plantations turning out of great future value to this Company." With regard to tea, the Chairman remarked: "The outlook for shareholders in the industry never appeared brighter than at the present time"; and this is the opinion universally expressed by those in close touch with India and Ceylon plantations and markets. On the whole, there seems every probability of the present price of the shares, which are to be split into ten shares of £1 each, being fully maintained.

MR. LAMPARD AGAIN.

Mr. Lampard's speech at the meeting of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust Company was eagerly awaited by the many shareholders in Rubber Companies who appreciate the value and correctness of the views he has always expressed as to the prospects of the industry. I have frequently advised your readers to peruse his speech at the meeting of the United Serdang Company on Jan. 14, 1909, which first brought home to many people the firm basis on which

the Rubber Market rests. His speech on Thursday last was practically a continuation of his former speech brought up to date, and had an instantaneous effect on the share market. Mr. Lampard pointed out that more importance should be attached to the high price at which forward sales of rubber up to 1913 had been made than to the small set-back which had recently occurred in the spot price. As to the future he remarked, "To day the Middle East holds the tea market of the world, and what we have done in tea we are going to do, without a shadow of doubt, in rubber," and, evidently sighing for fresh worlds to conquer, he went on to prophesy a similar experience in the production of coffee. Your readers cannot do better than peruse the speech for themselves.—Q.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

We have often referred to the fact that the market in many shares was a very limited and tricky one, and we are afraid that in the late slump the truth of our warnings came home to numerous correspondents. A day or two ago the writer was in the office of a gentleman who, like all the rest of the world, has dabbled in Rubber shares, and while there overheard the following conversation between his friend and his broker—

Friend: "What is the price of —? I want to deal in 100."

Broker: "I will run in and find out, but I think sixpence dis. to par."

After an interval of about five minutes, the broker rang up and said—"Yes, the price is about what I told you, but I can't give it exactly, because the only man who deals in them is out at lunch."

It would not take much, our friend thought, to make those shares unsaleable, so he let his hundred go.

Of course, there is a good and free market in the best producing shares, but in many of the new issues there is no market at all, and in rather more a very limited one. If the support of the "shop" were withdrawn, this last category would, we fear, soon join the hopeless brigade, of which the number is by no means small.

In view of some misunderstanding which has arisen as to notices of Companies which appear after the "Answers to Correspondents" from time to time in this paper, we desire to state that the City Editor does not hold himself responsible for the facts and figures given, which emanate from the various Companies noticed; nor do the notices of necessity express the City Editor's opinion.

Saturday, June 11, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

IVY.—(1) We do not believe in the Oil concern. It is a speculation pure and simple, and, if you can afford the risk, stick to the shares. (2) We will make

inquiries, but are not sure we can read the name correctly. (3 and 4) Have no faith in either of the Rubbers.

C. E. B.—Your letter was answered on the 10th instant.

DORDY.—A promising speculative holding.

PRESTONIAN.—(1 and 2) Yes; the Company, your name is a fair speculative holding. To pay you 6 per cent., Sanitas shares are quite good and a most reliable dividend-payer. (3) We do not expect a serious rise in Consols, but with cheap money they may easily go higher.

DEVONSHIRE.—As Oil shares, those you hold are among the best. We have no belief in the Oil boom or the Oil Market. Both Rubber concerns are, we believe, quite good, but you bought very high.

No. 77.—There is very little information to be obtained, but the meeting should be next month. We believe in the Company, if you can afford risks.

YAHA BURTON.—If we retailed all that the people connected with this Company tell us you would think us princes of romance; but it has taken so long to get any results that we have lost faith. It may be the most wonderful Company in the world, and better than a gold-mine, but we have lost faith and sold our own shares.

W. C. C.—Thank you for your letter; we can't find room to print it.

Q. Q. Q.—We should hold all three. The title is good enough, and even if the Dutch Government were to expropriate the Company they would pay good compensation. There is no doubt there may be some trouble over freeholds in the Dutch Indies, but not over leaseholds.

KORAH.—The purchase of all three as a speculation will probably be remunerative if you will wait for a year or so. There is a great advantage in cocoanuts, which produce steady income. As prices now are, we believe in waiting for a fall, but it may never come.

JAP.—The report is out, and you can see for yourself what is wrong. Somebody knew the contents before the shareholders, hence the fall. We do not advise selling, certainly until you hear what is said at the meeting.

TIGER.—The shares are of the value of £75, with £25 paid and a liability of £50. The price is about 63, and the dividend last year 70s. a share, or about £5 8s. per cent. on market price.

DUNK.—We like neither of your Rubbers. No. 3 is more speculative than No. 4. You had better buy the latter. It is not a propitious moment to sell West African Mines.

VALETTA.—The bonds are a speculation, which you may as well hold. Some arrangement is sure to be made. The Rubbers should be held till you can get a profit, which we advise you to take. See this week's Notes.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Royal Hunt Cup will be won by Bachelor's Double, and the Gold Cup by Bayardo. Other selections for Ascot are: Coronation Stakes, Maid of Corinth; Ascot Derby, Neil Gow; New Stakes, Belfry II.; Wokingham Stakes, Senseless; Hardwicke Stakes, Marajax. At Windsor I like these: Royal June Handicap, Orpah; Thames Handicap, Sunspot; Clewer Handicap, Riverina.



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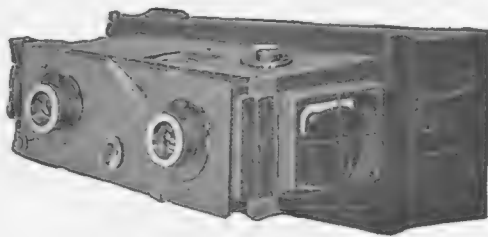
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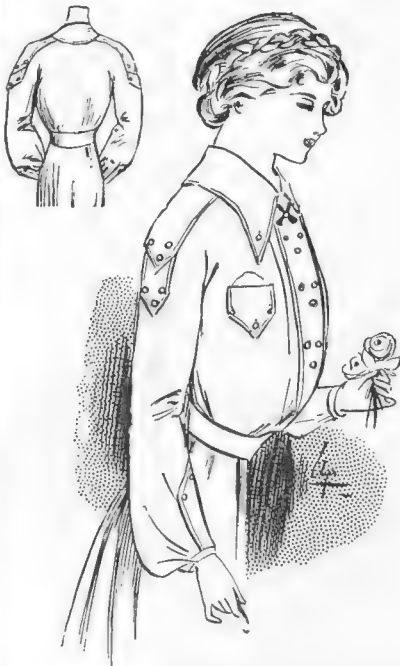
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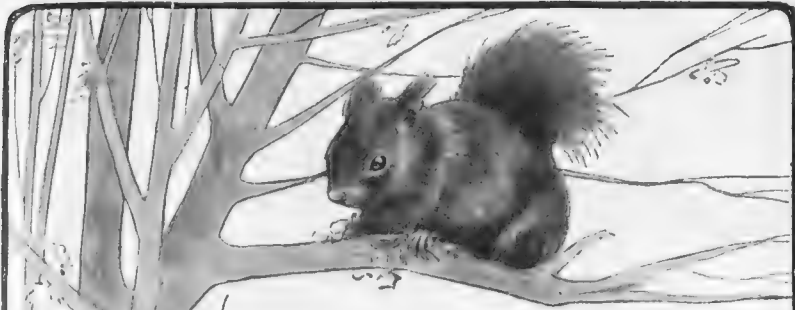
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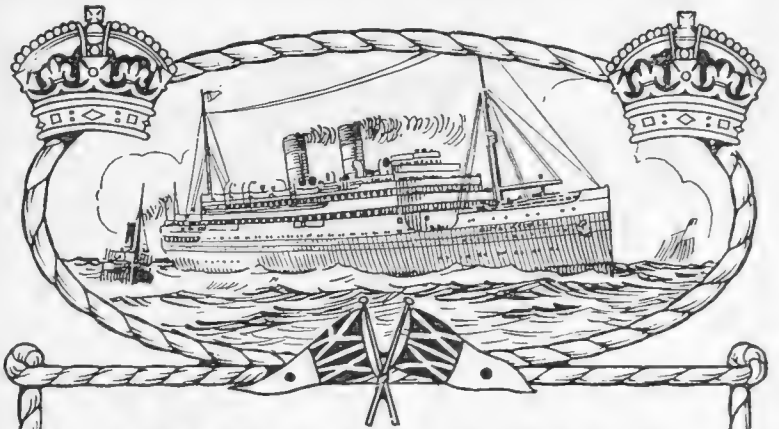
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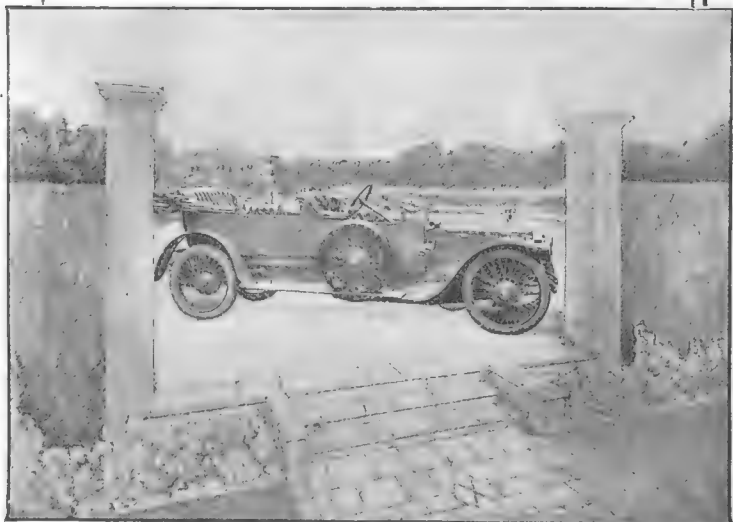
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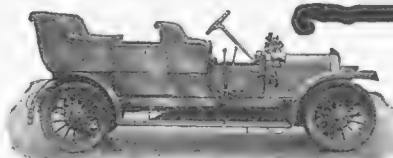
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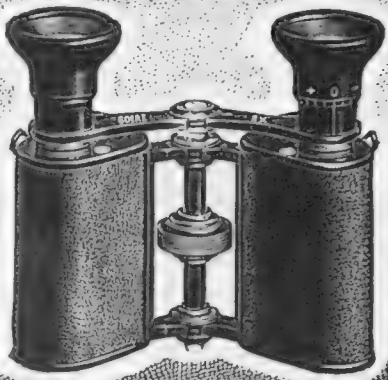
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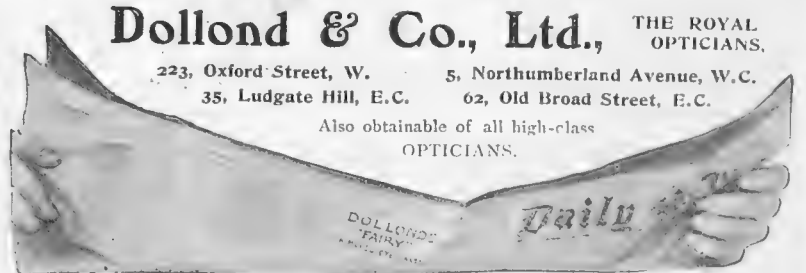
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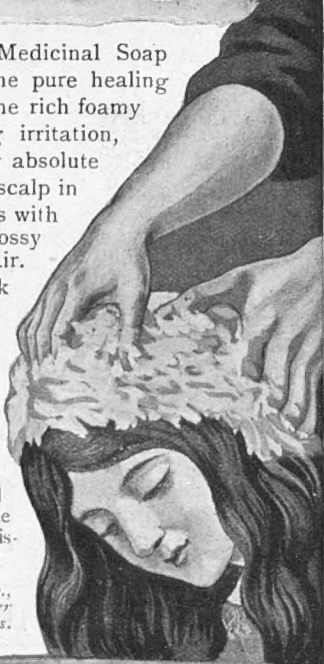
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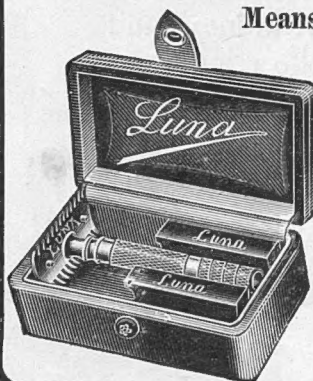
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New Saxony Suitings.

Our new Saxony materials are ideal wear for Spring and early
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Our business is conducted upon a rigid Cash basis. No
credit accounts are opened. By this system we are enabled
to offer perfectly-cut clothes, tailored from the identical
materials sold by other West End firms at double the price
for Credit.

Lounge Suits from 3 Gns. Golf Suits from 3½ Gns.
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"THE PANROS" WITH ROSS' "HOMOCENTRIC" LENS.

(Patent).

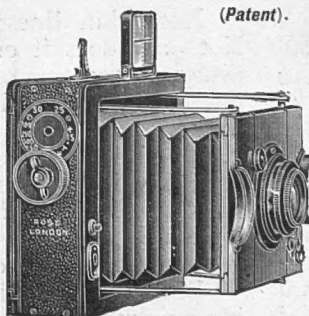
THE LATEST,

MOST PERFECT TYPE OF HAND
CAMERA, WITH MERITS EX-
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**LIGHT, COMPACT, having one
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THE ONLY AND ONLY MILLED HEAD
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The 1909 Success.

Full particulars and special booklet on application.

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TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL LEADING DEALERS AND OPTICIANS.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Aeroplane Stability. That section of the public who are anxiously awaiting the advent of an aeroplane which does not altogether depend upon the bird-like instincts of its driver for stability are keen to learn more with regard to Captain Dunn's machine, which the technical papers tell us does really afford automatic stability. It is asserted that this gallant gentleman has already made straight-away flights without touching the levers of control. As a matter of fact, he has flown "hands off," and his aeroplane has taken care of itself. This is what is wanted by the would-be aviator who feels he is just an ordinary individual and not an atmospheric Blondin. Captain Dunn's performance is held to be the more remarkable for the reason that the area of his supporting planes is small compared with the load carried. That interesting little paper the *Aero* gives the figures as 560·89 ft. against a total load of 1700 lb. = 3 lb. per square foot. Notwithstanding this, he got up in a run of forty feet. Another notable item is the fact that he uses a 50 h.p. Green engine—a British-built motor.

The Prince Henry Cup Race Stopped.

So far as can be learnt at the moment of writing, the contest for the Prince Henry Cup was summarily arrested during the course of the fifth stage, by reason of an accident which occurred in front of the grand stand at Oberenzen, which resulted in the death of two of the occupants of the car concerned and serious injury to another. Speaking from memory, this is not the first time that very serious, if not fatal, accidents have occurred in connection with this event, which, although termed a Reliability Trial, partakes of the nature of a drive *à outrance*. The race has never been called off before, and now that this has been done, one wonders how the awards will be made by the light of uncompleted records. A certain amount of interest will be felt amongst automobilists here, seeing that two of the well-known 20-h.p. Vauxhall cars are engaged. The regrettable accident in question is said to have been due to bursting tyres.

A Hill-Climbing Classic.

The Henry Edmunds Hill Climb, one of the few competitions now held by the Royal Automobile Club, is fixed for July 2, at the Court House, Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire. This trophy was presented to the Club by Mr. Henry Edmunds, a pioneer member, in 1902, the governing details of the competition being left entirely in the hands of the Club. The history of the contest is a varied one. In 1903 it was held at Castlewellan, in Ireland, when it fell to a 60-h.p. Mercédès driven by Mr. E. Campbell Muir. It was then dropped

for a year, but in 1905 the Church prevailed, the Rev. F. A. Potts securing the trophy with his 38-h.p. Daimler, which was, however, steered to victory by Mr. C. Grinham. The following year (1906) another 38-h.p. Daimler scored, Mr. George S. Barwick driving his own car, and repeating the operation in 1907. The next year was given a miss, but 1909 saw the 20·5-h.p. Vauxhall driven by Mr. A. J. Hancock the winner. Thus, of the five contests which have taken place, one has been won by a Mercédès, three by Daimler cars, and one by the Vauxhall. The length of this year's course is 1133 yards, the steepest bit being 82 yards of 1 in 6·26, and the easiest 33 yards of 1 in 15·8.

The New Wolseley Aeroplane Engine.

The Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company are entering the aeroplane arena, at least so far as engine-building is concerned. The 30-h.p. engine which is to sustain the Wolseley reputation in the Alexander competition has four cylinders, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. in bore by $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. stroke, designed to give 30 h.p. on the brake at 1100 revolutions per minute, and 37 h.p. at 1400 revolutions per minute. The cylinders are cast in pairs, each pair having common water-spacing, enclosed by sheet-steel water-jackets, so ensuring a large body of water over the combustion and valve chambers; valves are all on one side, and operated from one cam-shaft. The induction-pipe is so arranged that there is equality of mixture-lead to each cylinder, and the carburetter has been specially designed with a view to aerial requirements. The crank-shaft runs in three long bearings, while all bearings are lubricated through leads and ducts from a gear oil-pump. The engine, less fly-wheel, weighs no more than 205 lb., and has been designed more with a view to ensure reliable running for long periods than paring the weight per h.p. down to a vanishing point.

Commencing in July with the opening of the new shortest route to Birmingham, the Great Western Company offer improved facilities for reaching Shakespeare's Country. This will be especially welcome to our American cousins visiting these islands, who seldom leave without spending one day at least in Shakespeare's land. In connection with the trains automobiles run to Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford, and all points of interest round about. Inclusive tickets are issued for the rail and automobile tour at a very moderate price. Another admirable trip, from Slough station, is a thirty-mile automobile tour through the "Penn" and "Chalfont" country to Stoke Poges, Beaconsfield, Gerrard's Cross, Eton, and Windsor. Devon and Cornwall are also becoming increasingly popular. A booklet, setting out these and many other tours, can be obtained, post free, from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London.

MEDICAL SCIENCE AND SKIN DISEASE

Successful Treatment for every Skin Illness Immediate Relief followed by Rapid Cure

FEW forms of disease are dreaded as much as skin disease, and the worst part of it was that previous to the last quarter of a century many skin illnesses were incurable. Impressed by this fact, a well-known doctor studied, investigated, and experimented until at last he discovered the famous skin specific Antexema, which met with instantaneous and unprecedented success, the most obstinate skin complaints yielding to its almost miraculous power. Every skin sufferer nowadays, whatever the trouble, and however long it has lasted, can use Antexema with perfect confidence of instant relief and rapid cure.



As a cure for every form of rash and eruption Antexema is unrivalled.

thorough and permanent cure, and be freed once and for all from the trouble that afflicts you.

The moment Antexema touches the irritated or inflamed spot, irritation, smarting, and burning pain ceases, and the further progress of your skin complaint at once stops. New skin begins to grow, the affected part commences to look healthier, and soon every sign of skin illness vanishes. The cures effected by Antexema are innumerable, the most remarkable being in cases in which all else had proved useless. Doctors had failed, skin specialists were unsuccessful, and so-called remedies gave no relief, but the moment Antexema was used a great change took place and in a short time the former trouble was merely an unpleasant memory.

A Marvellous Specific

Every skin illness is cured by Antexema. Not only does it cure terrible, torturing, disfiguring eczema of every kind, but it also removes pimples, blackheads, nettlerash, barber's rash, baby rashes, roughness, redness, and eruptions of the skin. Antexema is as effective a remedy for a bad leg as for scalp troubles, and it may be used as freely for the skin ailments of children of tender years as for the skin complaints of maturity.

But note this also. Though Antexema is a skin remedy it is not an ointment. If eczema has attacked the face or hands the use of ointment only makes the trouble more conspicuous, and this is naturally repugnant to sensitive minds. If other

parts of the body are attacked by skin disease and ointment is applied it is necessary to use bandages to prevent the garments being greased. All these objections are obviated by using Antexema, which is not an ointment, is non-greasy, and therefore no bandages are required. All you need to do is to apply Antexema gently to the affected part, and the skin at once absorbs its healing virtues. A dry, invisible, antiseptic skin is at once formed, which excludes



Antexema should always be used for skin complaints of children.

dust, grit, and germs of blood-poisoning, and lockjaw, and your cure commences as soon as Antexema is applied. The irritated or inflamed spot is cooled, soothed, and healed, the relief gained being indescribable, so that those previously tortured by day and kept awake at night find immediate ease and comfort.

Why continue to suffer from skin illness when you can so easily, certainly, and rapidly be cured? Begin your cure to-day.

Every Chemist, Pharmacist, and Store, including Boots', Taylor's, Lewis and Burrow's, Parkes', Army and Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, and every Cash Chemist, supplies Antexema in regular shilling bottles, or it will be sent direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d., by the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Also obtainable everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and every British Dominion.

**Go to Your Chemist and Get
Antexema**